

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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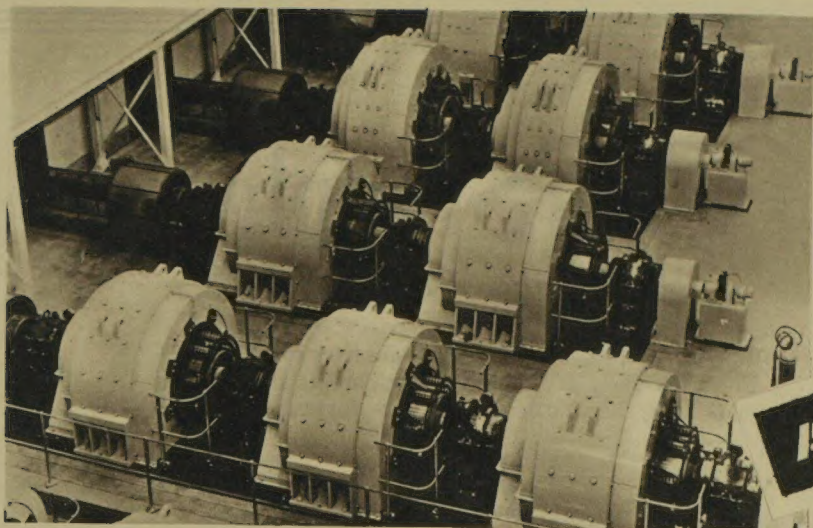
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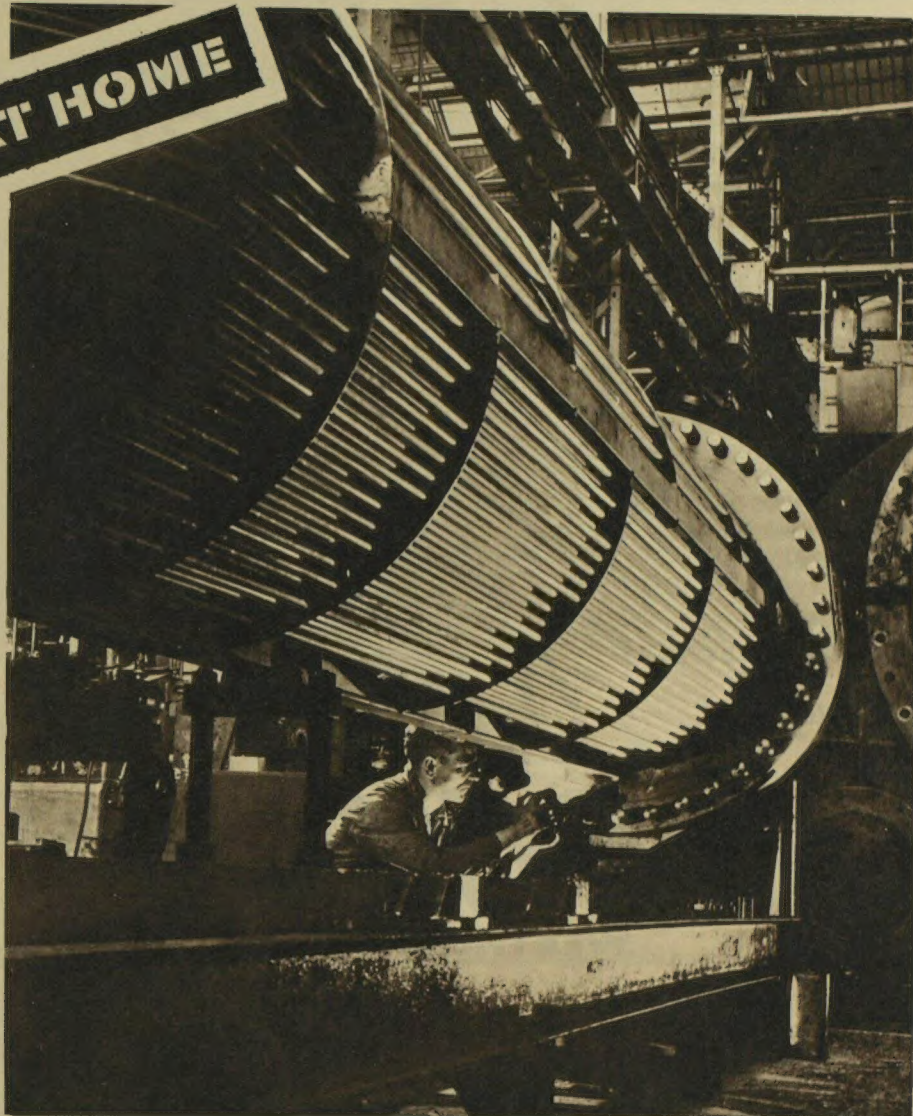
Photograph by courtesy of Richard Thomas & Baldwins Ltd.

**Power in Industry (Above).** From the beginning of 1956 the new mile-a-minute, 5-stand, 42-inch cold strip mill at Richard Thomas & Baldwins Ltd., Ebbw Vale, has been helping to satisfy Britain's increasing demand for tinplate for the canning industry. ENGLISH ELECTRIC engineered and installed the 19,150-h.p. main drives, the motor-generator sets and the control equipment for this mill, and the drives for the new 2-stand temper mill.

**Power for Industry (Right)** The new Tilbury Generating Station is one of many in the Central Electricity Authority's development plan for which ENGLISH ELECTRIC is supplying plant. The picture shows a high-pressure feed water heater under construction for a 60-MW turbo-alternator set, one of three to be supplied to the Tilbury Station.

## A TWOFOLD JOB...

AT HOME



ABROAD



**Rhodesia (Top).** The demand for modern locomotives comes from all over the world. Here a fitter is seen putting finishing touches to one of twenty-three ENGLISH ELECTRIC 2,000-h.p. diesel-electric locomotives for Rhodesia Railways. NAPIER turbo-blowers are fitted to the diesel engines of all these locomotives.

**Canada (Bottom).** Amongst electronic equipment developed by ENGLISH ELECTRIC is an adaptable motor control system. This system is used on the drives for a new machine for making kraft paper in the East Angus Mill, Canada, of the St. Lawrence Corporation. Here is a close-up of the ENGLISH ELECTRIC automatic electronic section control board, which has the important function of matching the speeds of the mill rollers within fine limits.

### How The English Electric Company is working for Britain at home and abroad

These are challenging times for Britain. Great strides have been made since the war in rebuilding our economy. The problem is to *maintain* this progress.

From 1949 to 1955 our total industrial output rose by 27%, and the value of our exports by 58%. British industry is busy, and actively developing—there are more jobs than workers. Our standard of living is high. But to ensure *still better living* for Britain, we need still higher production, still more activity in competitive export markets. In both these ways, ENGLISH ELECTRIC is playing its full part.

At home, this company helps to supply the generators, transformers, switchgear and other plant needed for Britain's expanding power generation programme; it also makes the electrical equipment by which our industries use this energy for production—production not only for

home demand but for the world.

In addition, ENGLISH ELECTRIC is itself a vigorous and successful exporter; *about half the Group's business is overseas*, earning foreign currency for Britain.

With the world-wide experience of its engineers and technicians, backed by great manufacturing resources and advanced research, ENGLISH ELECTRIC is hard at work, making an important *twofold* contribution to Britain's economic progress.

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To any boy or young man considering a career in science or engineering, ENGLISH ELECTRIC offers almost unlimited opportunities—first-class training, and a choice of rewarding jobs at home or abroad. For details, please write to Mr. G. S. Bosworth, Central Personnel Department F.6.

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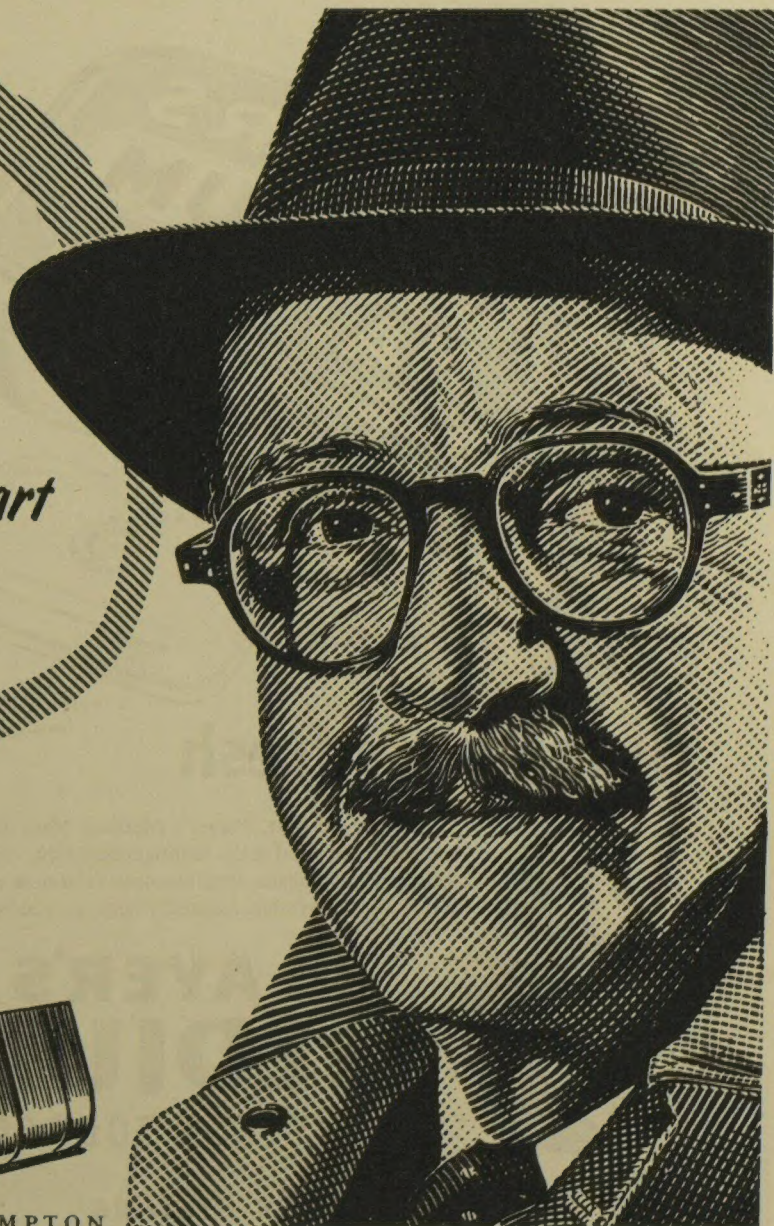
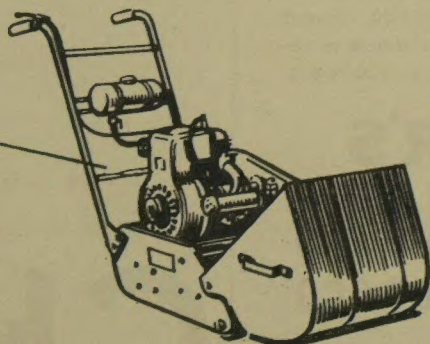
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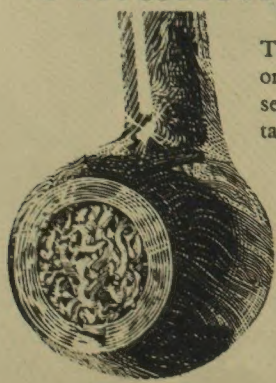


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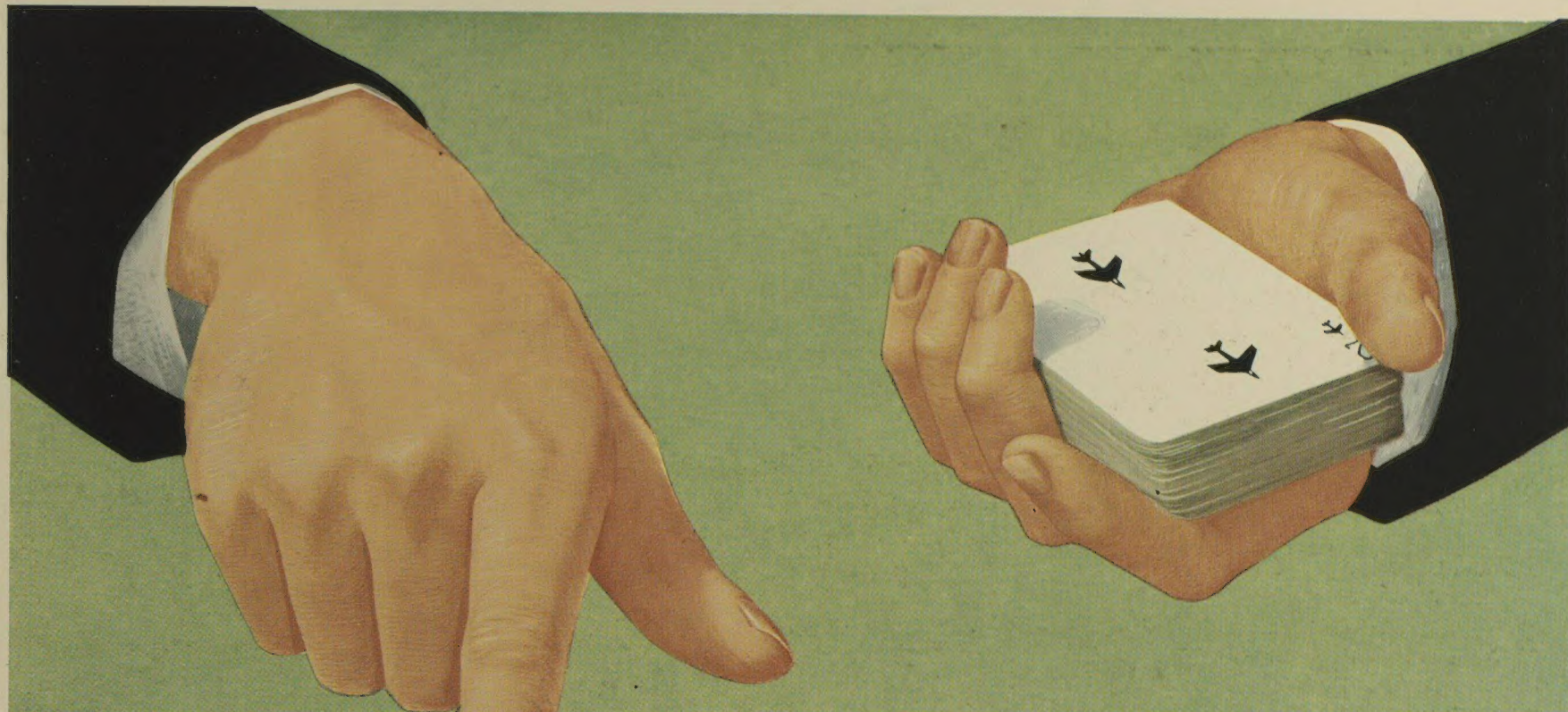
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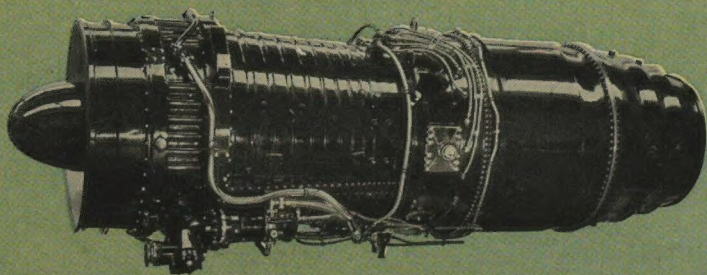
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We prefer to advance into the future through the problems of the present, rather than to by-pass them by guesswork, however brilliant. In this way we build our aircraft engines on an ever-broadening basis of experience, and in this way such engines as the Sapphire—power unit of thirteen front-line aircraft—have been evolved. By applying an inexhaustible curiosity, combined with infinitely methodical approach, to the continuous development of these proven types, we not only meet the needs of today's aircraft, but anticipate those of tomorrow's.



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## BRISTOL and British aviation

Not only with the versatile Britannia, but also in their work on helicopters, turbojets and turboprops, ramjets and guided missiles, the Bristol Group of Companies are helping to forward the scope of British aviation.

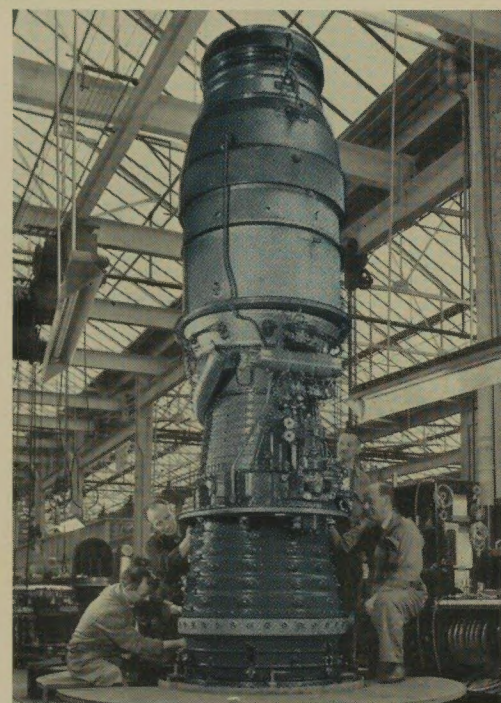
**THE BRITANNIA** A large part of Bristol's resources is devoted to the production of Britannia airliners and their Proteus engines.

**HELICOPTERS** Bristol's research and development programme for helicopters has resulted in large orders for single and twin-engined machines being placed with the Group.

**AERO-ENGINES** No engine in quantity production in Britain is as powerful as the Olympus. Two new engines—the light-weight Orpheus and the Orion supercharged turbo-prop—are being intensively developed by Bristol Aero-Engines Limited.

**RAMJETS AND ROCKETS** Work on rocket motors for research during the International Geophysical Year is being undertaken by the Bristol Group. Bristol are also developing guided missiles and their ramjet power units.

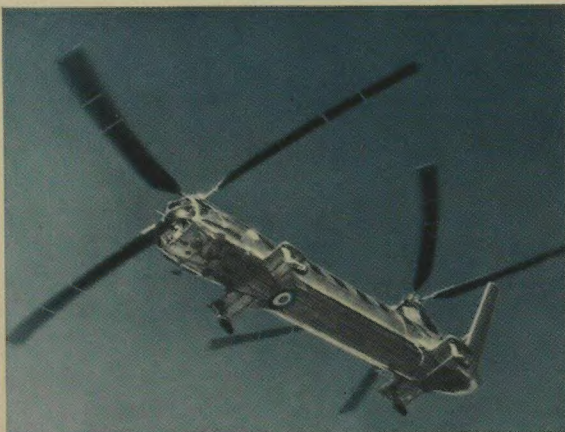
BRISTOL AEROPLANE COMPANY LIMITED



*Olympus turbojet engines are in production for Avro Vulcan bombers.*



*The 20,000 hp Bristol Thor ramjet engine powers supersonic missiles.*



*Bristol twin-engined tandem rotor helicopters have been ordered by the RAF.*



*Sales of Bristol freighter aircraft have totalled more than 200.*



# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1956.



"THE IMAGE OF WAR WITHOUT ITS GUILT, AND ONLY FIVE-AND-TWENTY PER CENT. OF ITS DANGER": ONE OF A SERIES OF PROPAGANDA PHOTOGRAPHS RECENTLY ISSUED FROM CAIRO.

True that Mr. Jorrocks, when uttering that immortal phrase, was thinking of fox-hunting; and true that there could be some argument about the presence or absence of guilt; and true again that it is a picture to delight an old-fashioned bayonet instructor: but nevertheless this photograph and some others of the same kind lately issued from Cairo and covering the activities of "death squads," whose number is a "military secret"

and whose training, "serious and thorough," is taking place "at a secret place somewhere between Cairo and Ismailia," have the perhaps unintended effect in this country of raising a smile. In fact, many will be irresistibly reminded of another character of Victorian fiction, who said: "I want to make your flesh creep"; and will wonder if this is the right way to set about it.

Postage—Inland, 3d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d. (These rates apply as The Illustrated London News is registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper.)





THE AMERICAN MEMBER OF THE FIVE-MAN SUEZ COMMITTEE, MR. LOY HENDERSON (CENTRE), ON ARRIVAL AT CAIRO ON SEPT. 2.



PRESIDENT NASSER (RIGHT) TALKING WITH THE SUDANESE RELIGIOUS LEADER, EL SAÏD ABDEL RAHMAN EL MAHDI.



EXERCISES IN "FRIGHTFULNESS": A MEMBER OF AN EGYPTIAN "DEATH SQUAD" VIGOROUSLY LEAPS A 2-FT. BARRIER FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

## THE SUEZ CRISIS: THE ARRIVAL OF THE COMINGS AND GOINGS IN CAIRO;



THE LEADER OF THE FIVE-MAN SUEZ COMMITTEE, MR. R. G. MENZIES, THE PRIME MINISTER OF AUSTRALIA, SURROUNDED BY JOURNALISTS IN CAIRO.



THE OPENING OF THE SUEZ TALKS ON SEPTEMBER 3: PRESIDENT NASSER (RIGHT) GREETES MR. R. G. MENZIES, THE AUSTRALIAN PREMIER AND CHAIRMAN OF THE FIVE-MAN COMMITTEE.



CHARGING THROUGH A FLAME-BARRIER: A DEMONSTRATION STAGED AT A TRAINING CENTRE NEAR CAIRO, WHERE "DEATH SQUAD" PERSONNEL ARE INSTRUCTED.

ON September 2 Mr. Menzies, the Australian Prime Minister and the chairman of the five-man Suez Committee, arrived by air in Cairo in the same aircraft with Mr. Uden, the Swedish Foreign Minister and representative on the Committee. He was met by the Governor of Cairo and hundreds of journalists, from whom he had some difficulty in extricating himself. The American representative, Mr. Loy Henderson, the U.S. Deputy Under-Secretary of State, and the Persian Foreign Minister, Dr. Ardalan, who represents his country on the Committee, had arrived earlier the same day, Mr. Habtewold, the Ethiopian representative, being expected later. In a statement the

## FIVE-MAN COMMITTEE; DIPLOMATIC AND EGYPTIAN "DEATH SQUADS."



(CENTRE, WEARING GLASSES) DR. ALIOULI ARDALAN, THE PERSIAN FOREIGN MINISTER AND A MEMBER OF THE FIVE-MAN SUEZ COMMITTEE.



AN INDOONESIAN VISIT TO COLONEL NASSER: (LEFT TO RIGHT) MR. LATGOBA, INDOONESIAN AMBASSADOR IN CAIRO: MR. ABDELGANI, INDOONESIAN FOREIGN MINISTER, AND COLONEL NASSER.



ASSAULT COURSE TRAINING WITH EXPLOSIVES FOR EGYPTIAN IRREGULARS. THESE MEN ARE REPUTEDLY TRAINED FOR SABOTAGE WORK IN SO-CALLED "DEATH SQUADS."

same day Colonel Nasser said that he was not prepared to compromise on the question of operational control of the Suez Canal and he strongly reasserted Egyptian sovereignty over the Canal; and he affirmed that his talks with the five-man Suez Committee would be "not negotiations, but discussions only." The talks began on Sept. 3. Of the propaganda photographs of the Egyptian "Death Squads" which we reproduce here and elsewhere in this issue and which have been issued presumably with a view to striking terror in the West, there is little to be said beyond congratulating the personnel on their wholehearted co-operation with the photographers.



NOW THE EGYPTIAN DESTROYER *AL FATEH* AND FORMERLY THE BRITISH "Z" CLASS *ZENITH*: SAILING FROM SOUTHAMPTON FOR TRIALS AFTER REFIT.

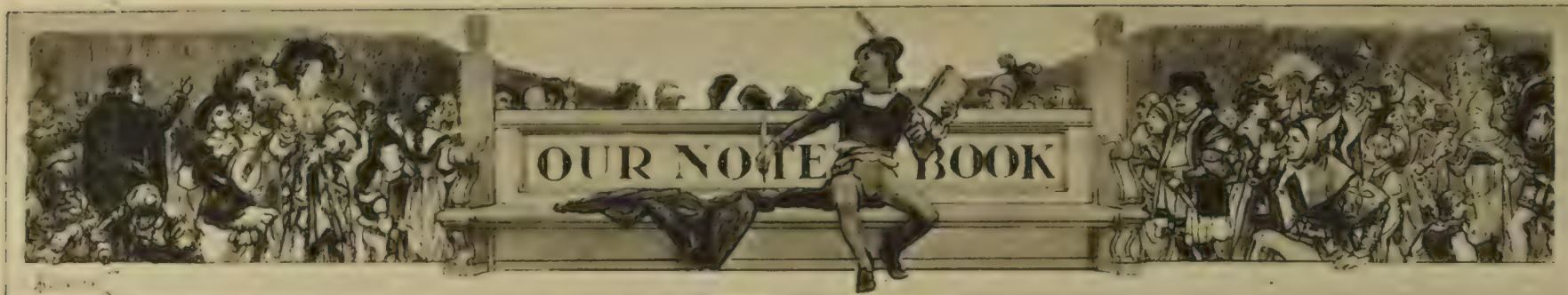


ONE OF THE LEADERS OF THE MINORITY AT LONDON: MR. MENON, OF INDIA (LEFT), TALKING WITH PRESIDENT NASSER.



ANOTHER "DEATH SQUAD" DEMONSTRATION FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE PRESS PHOTOGRAPHERS. THE MEN IN TRAINING APPEAR TO HAVE CO-OPERATED WITH A WILL.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

A LITTLE while ago I wrote on this page about the aims of a very remarkable body, the Capricorn Africa Society and of the attempt it was making to point a road to the solution of what may well prove, if no solution is found, the greatest clash in human history, between the white and coloured races in Africa. Since I wrote, delegate members of the Capricorn Africa Society, drawn from the various races—African, European and Indian—living in Southern Rhodesia, Kenya, Nyasaland, Northern Rhodesia and Tanganyika, have met at Salima, in Nyasaland, to sign a contract setting out the terms on which, in their belief, the right of the franchise or sovereign citizenship should be enjoyed by all citizens of British Africa, regardless of race.

In the position in which they have taken up, the members of the Capricorn Africa Society stand half-way between what seems to most Englishmen the inhumanity of the Afrikaans doctrine of *Apartheid* and what to most Afrikaans seems the unrealism of extreme British radical belief that immediate manhood suffrage should be granted to everyone regardless of existing standards of education and culture. The Society's principles are set out in what is called the Capricorn Contract, signed on June 18 last. "We wish," runs its preamble, "to affirm our faith in the greatness of our common destiny and our resolve to reject the barren doctrine of racial nationalism. We believe that our purpose of uniting the black, the white and the brown man in one patriotism and one allegiance has the power to provide the stability essential to the orderly development of Africa and thereby the happiness and prosperity of its peoples. We are resolved to work for the establishment of a society free from racial discrimination, capable of enriching itself from the cultural heritages of all the races which compose it and of maintaining a system of law under the discipline of which, for the sake of this generation and generations to come, we are prepared to live. We hold that this system of law must be founded on a solemn contract between our peoples to acknowledge our human unity under God and our unity in one loyalty to the Crown. We declare, therefore, our determination to secure, as a condition of full self-government and Dominion status, the adoption separately in each of these territories of a written Constitution drawn up in the spirit of this preamble and embodying the precepts that follow."

I. All men, despite their varying individual talents and differences of race and colour, are born equal in dignity before God and have a common duty to Him and to one another.

II. Man's fulfilment of his responsibilities to his fellow men is the essential foundation for a community and for the assertion and enjoyment of his rights as an individual. Between the interests of individuals it is an obligation of the State to secure justice.

III. The State is under obligation to protect and advance the moral, material and cultural standards of its peoples and at the same time to afford to the limit of its economic capacity such facilities for education in all its forms as will give every individual the opportunity of attaining these standards.

IV. All who have been born in these territories or who live within their boundaries are entitled to equal standing before the law and, subject to the law, to freedom of movement, speech, religion and association and the right to acquire and enjoy property. They are entitled, without distinction of race or colour, to access to public services and institutions and to practise any trade, profession or calling and qualify themselves therefore by apprenticeship, public examination or other test. And they are entitled to legal protection against the unjust denial of any of these rights and other rights set out in the Constitution.

V. Membership of the State carries with it responsibilities and duties. The citizen is under obligation to live by the rule of law, to defend the State if called upon to do so and to uphold and abide by the principles and spirit of the Constitution.

VI. The right to elect members of the Legislature is open to all who have attained the statutory qualifications and they will be registered on one common roll. The vote is not a natural right but a responsibility to be exercised for the common good.

This noble affirmation does seem to me to constitute a foundation on which the nineteenth-century British Empire in Africa, instead of dissolving into a number of separate and highly race-conscious nations fatally vulnerable to the totalitarian disease, might evolve into a new pattern of society altogether—one in which allegiance, symbolised by the Crown, would be to the conception of individual dignity and freedom that, with all her faults, Britain in her long history has pursued, first within her own boundaries and now in a wider world. Whether the spirit of the age, with its universal appeal to class and racial jealousies, will be too strong for such a conception to survive and triumph is another matter. All one can say is that the idea has taken root in British Africa and is being supported by an active minority of some of its finest citizens, African, European and Asian. The practical means by which its supporters propose to give effect to its ruling principles are most interesting. They reject, as our ancestors rejected, the idea that the vote should be exercised without qualification. "In the special circumstances of East and Central Africa," they admit frankly, "universal suffrage would

give rise to the danger of irresponsible politicians being elected to the legislature on grounds irrelevant to the common good." They, therefore, assert both that there should be a qualified franchise, restricted—regardless of race—to those who have attained certain standards of education or responsibility and, as an essential corollary, that there should be the most vigorous enforcement of the State's obligation "to afford to the limit of its economic capacity such facilities for education in all its forms as will give every individual the opportunity of attaining higher standards and thereby gaining the vote." To qualify for the electors' roll—the core of the new multi-racial nationhood—a citizen must be twenty-one or over, have been resident in the territory for two years and possess two of the following qualifications: have completed Form II of the Secondary School Course; hold a University degree or professional qualification; a scheduled diploma or certificate of proficiency in certain scheduled crafts or trades or have completed a contract of apprenticeship; earn an income of £240 p.a. or own property valued at £480 or be the wife of someone with these qualifications; have been awarded a civil or military British decoration; be a chairman or honorary secretary of a voluntary organisation such as a trades union, farmers' union or women's institute; be a Member of Parliament, Alderman or city councillor,

magistrate, African chief, headman or elected councillor; be a resident farm owner or member of a farmers' association; have reached the age of forty-two; be the mother of two or more children who have passed Form II or its equivalent; be a master farmer; an African acting or retired warrant officer, or sergeant in H.M. Armed Forces or Police. There are other qualifications which I have no space to mention and certain disqualifications connected with crime and lunacy. Most interesting of all is the principle that, because "members of the African community are at different stages in the transition from a static communal society to one based on an economy and social structure in which the individual is the vital unit," a system of multiple voting should be employed so as "to broaden the base of the franchise while maintaining its responsible quality." Everyone with more than two of the scheduled qualifications shall be entitled to an additional vote up to a maximum of six votes. "The franchise and system of voting which we are determined to set up in our respective territories," the signatories of the Capricorn Contract affirm, "shall be open to all citizens who have attained the statutory qualifications." In other words, the existing barriers of race and the restrictions of colonial paternalism will be by-passed. "We recognise," they state, "that the final elimination of some aspects of racial segregation will take time and that reforms towards this end too hastily carried out might cause injustice to individuals and communities, and might jeopardise the preservation of civilised standards. We affirm and agree that the Government, while bearing in mind these considerations, shall proceed vigorously towards a true integration of all races into one electoral system and one citizenship."

# ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO: A REPRODUCTION AND QUOTATION FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF SEPTEMBER 6, 1856.



A FAMILIAR SCENE—WET WEATHER AT THE SEASIDE A HUNDRED YEARS AGO: "OH! MY GOODNESS! IT'S BEGINNING TO RAIN!"—A SKETCH ON THE YORKSHIRE COAST—DRAWN BY JOHN LEECH.

Rain at the seaside—all too familiar to people in Britain this summer—is shown in this spirited drawing by John Leech which we published a hundred years ago. An accompanying description reads: "But what have we here? A drawing by Mr. Leech; and, with that gentleman's usual consideration, described merely as 'Oh! my goodness! It's beginning to rain!' Mr. Leech has his own reasons, no doubt, for concealing the locality of his delightful picture, and we will not seek to penetrate the mystery; albeit we think we could take either of those charming girls who would confide in our grey hairs a walk to Oliver's Mount or to S— Castle, that looks down upon the sea from its precipitous rock and tell strange stories of the deaths of Kings' favourites, and legends of sieges and reprisals, or make dizzy the stout old lady (now wind-bound in the corner) on a certain airy bridge and not be far from 'the Queen of watering-places.' But we are silent, and have resolved at once, without sleeping on it, to prove the truth of our conjectures, and ascertain if so much loveliness can be found anywhere on a wet day. If so, it must have rained angels."





ANNOUNCING THE WITHDRAWAL OF THE RUSSIAN TEAM: MR. K. KRUPIN, THE TEAM MANAGER, SPEAKING AT THE PRESS CONFERENCE.



LEAVING FROM LONDON AIRPORT: NINE MEMBERS OF THE RUSSIAN TEAM STARTING THEIR HOMEWARD JOURNEY ON SEPTEMBER 2.



PROOF OF CONTINUED FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN INDIVIDUAL ATHLETES: THE RUSSIAN, V. KUTS (CENTRE), CHATS AMIABLY WITH CHRIS CHATAWAY (RIGHT) AND GORDON PIRIE.

The athletics match between Great Britain and Russia, which was to have been held at the White City, London, on August 31 and September 1, had to be cancelled because of the sudden withdrawal of the Russian team. On August 29 Miss Nina Ponomareva, a discus thrower in the U.S.S.R. team, was charged at West End Central Police Station with the theft of five hats, valued at £1 12s. 11d., from C. and A. Modes Ltd., Oxford Street. When, next day, she failed to appear at Marlborough Street Court, a warrant was issued for her arrest. Meanwhile, the Russian Embassy was seeking to obtain diplomatic immunity for Miss Ponomareva, whose whereabouts were

## THE GREAT BRITAIN—U.S.S.R. ATHLETICS MATCH CANCELLED: AN UNHAPPY STORM OVER FIVE HATS.

31st August, 1956

### STATEMENT OF THE SOVIET ATHLETIC TEAM

As it is known Nina Ponomareva the outstanding athlete of the USSR, Olympic Champion and the champion of Europe became a victim of a dirty provocation, which was aimed at the black-mailing of this well known and remarkable sportsman.

As a result of this dirty provocation Nina Ponomareva is unable to participate in the 'friendly athletic match "USSR-Great Britain".

The Soviet athletic team in solidarity with Nina Ponomareva and as a protest against this provocation decided to refuse to participate in the match "Great Britain-USSR" and to leave this country for the USSR.

K. KRUPIN  
Head of the Delegation

A COPY OF THE STATEMENT MADE BY MR. KRUPIN ON AUGUST 31. ITS HOSTILE TONE WAS FORTUNATELY NOT REFLECTED IN THE RELATIONSHIPS BETWEEN THE RUSSIAN ATHLETES AND THEIR BRITISH COLLEAGUES.



CHARGED WITH STEALING FIVE HATS VALUED AT £1 12s. 11d. FROM A LONDON STORE: THE RUSSIAN CHAMPION DISCUS THROWER, MISS NINA PONOMAREVA, WHO FAILED TO APPEAR AT MARLBOROUGH STREET COURT.

then unknown. Lord Reading, Minister of State, Foreign Office, explained that the Government had no power to secure the withdrawal of the charge. However, on August 31, the day on which the match was supposed to open, a lively Press conference was held at the Russians' hotel, at which the Soviet team manager, Mr. K. Krupin, announced the withdrawal of his team in protest against the "dirty provocation" against Miss Ponomareva. The other members of the Russian team left for home on September 2 and 3. A Soviet Embassy official stated that Miss Ponomareva was still in London, at the Russian Embassy, and that she would shortly be leaving.



# EOKA'S "TRUCE" ENDS: A HOSPITAL GUNFIGHT; AND OTHER CYPRUS NEWS.



SPOTTING THE SITUATION FROM THE AIR: A BARRAGE BALLOON WHICH IS BEING USED IN NICOSIA TO TAKE UP POLICE AND SECURITY OFFICERS.



EOKA'S LATEST SLOGAN: "COME AND GET US" PAINTED ON A BANNER WHICH WAS ERECTED IN A STREET IN NICOSIA.



AFTER THE DESPERATE GUN-FIGHT IN WHICH FOUR PEOPLE WERE KILLED: THREE NURSES LEAVING THE HEAVILY-GUARDED GENERAL HOSPITAL IN NICOSIA.



AFTER THE AMBUSH: A NURSE IN THE NICOSIA GENERAL HOSPITAL SEARCHING CYPRIOT WOMEN FOR WEAPONS.



SOME OF THE FRENCH TROOPS WHO HAVE NOW ARRIVED IN CYPRUS: THREE SOLDIERS EATING GRAPES AT FAMAGUSTA.



DIRECTED BY BRITISH MILITARY POLICE: A CONVOY OF FRENCH ARMY VEHICLES LEAVING FAMAGUSTA FOR THE NEW FRENCH CAMP ON THE ISLAND.

The first bomb incidents involving members of the security forces after Eoka proclaimed their "cease fire" on August 16 were reported on August 27. Maximum security precautions were put into force at midnight when, according to Colonel Grivas, the Eoka leader, the "truce" was to end. An Eoka leaflet strewn about Nicosia streets on August 28 said that it was taking up arms again. The worst incident to take place since the ending of the "truce" has been, at the time of writing, the battle at Nicosia general hospital, on August 31, which resulted in the deaths of four people. A British

Serviceman and a police sergeant were escorting a terrorist prisoner to the hospital for treatment. Three gunmen started shooting as the man was led through the entrance hall of the hospital handcuffed to a warder. The Serviceman was hit, but as he lay on the ground he fired at the terrorists until he died. Two of the gunmen were killed by this dying British Serviceman, and the fourth man to die in the battle was a hospital steward who was unfortunate enough to be in the vicinity. The surviving gunman escaped, though he was believed to be wounded, and so did the prisoner.



# THE NEW SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL; COLOGNE CATHEDRAL REOPENED; AND A BRISTOL PRISON ROOF-TOP DRAMA.



TO BE OPENED IN NOVEMBER: THE NEW SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL, IN CAIRO, WHICH REPLACES THE BUILDING DESTROYED IN 1952. The new 18-story Shepherd's Hotel will be opened in November. It replaces the renowned building on another site which was destroyed in the riots of January 1952, and which had previously played such an important part in the Egyptian tourist trade. The original Shepherd's Hotel was opened by Samuel Shephard in 1842.



AFTER THE REOPENING CEREMONY ON AUGUST 30: THE PROCESSION LEAVING THE GREAT WEST DOOR OF COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

A solemn Pontifical Mass was celebrated by Cardinal Piazza on August 30 to mark the reopening to the public of the whole of Cologne's magnificent Cathedral, for the first time since it had suffered severe bomb damage. Vast crowds gathered inside and outside the Cathedral. The ceremony was held during the 77th German Roman Catholic Congress.



DEFYING HIS WOULD-BE CAPTORS: THE PRISONER, WILLIAM WHITEHOUSE, WATCHES HIS PURSUERS ON THE ROOF OF HORFIELD PRISON, BRISTOL. For two hours on August 30 a prisoner, some 50 ft. up on the roof of Horfield Prison, Bristol, evaded recapture. William Edward Whitehouse had climbed up on to the roof during exercise. Hundreds gathered outside the prison to watch while warders and firemen, aided by fire-escape ladders, tried to seize Whitehouse, who was finally overpowered.



THE END OF A PRISON ROOF-TOP DRAMA: THE PRISONER, WHITEHOUSE, IS SEIZED BY TWO WARDERS AND A FIREMAN, AFTER HAVING BEEN AT LIBERTY ON THE ROOF OF HORFIELD PRISON FOR OVER TWO HOURS.



# PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

# PEOPLE AND OCCASIONS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION: PROFESSOR P. BLACKETT.**

Professor P. M. S. Blackett, F.R.S., Professor of Physics at the Imperial College of Science and Technology, London, was unanimously elected President of the British Association for 1957 on August 29 at the Association's annual meeting.



**AUTHOR AND JOURNALIST: THE LATE MR. J. L. HODSON.**

Mr. J. L. Hodson, the author of many successful novels and plays, died in London on August 28, aged sixty-five. A journalist, his first play was presented in 1925, while his first novel, "Grey Dawn—Red Night," appeared in 1929.



**RESIGNING AS FIRST LORD: LORD CILCENNIN.** Lord Cilcennin, First Lord of the Admiralty, has tendered his resignation and the Queen has accepted it, it was announced on September 2. In his political career, Lord Cilcennin has been closely associated with the Admiralty, and was made First Lord in 1951. He was then Mr. J. P. L. Thomas and was raised to the peerage last December.



**APPOINTED FIRST LORD: LORD HAILSHAM.** The Queen has approved the appointment of Lord Hailsham as First Lord of the Admiralty in succession to Lord Cilcennin, it was announced on September 2. Lord Hailsham, before succeeding to his title, was a Conservative M.P. for Oxford, had brief experience as a junior Minister, is a leading Q.C. and an active Member of the House of Lords.



**EGYPTIAN "ESPIONAGE" ARRESTS: MR. JAMES SWINBURN.**

On August 27 two Britons, Mr. J. Swinburn and Mr. C. Pittuck, were arrested in Cairo on a charge of espionage. Egypt later expelled two British diplomats on a similar charge. At the time of writing, the two prisoners were awaiting trial.



**DISTINGUISHED GOVERNOR OF PAKISTAN: THE LATE MR. G. MOHAMMAD.**

Mr. Ghulam Mohammad, who was Governor-General of Pakistan from 1951 until his resignation through ill-health in 1955, died in Karachi on August 29. Mr. Mohammad became known as a courageous and resolute statesman during his term as Governor-General.



**PRIZEWINNERS AT ROTTERDAM HORSE SHOW: PRINCE BERNHARD OF THE NETHERLANDS AND MRS. JOHNSTONE, OF BRITAIN.**

At the Rotterdam International Horse Show, which ended on September 2, Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands came second in one of the events, which was won by Mrs. L. Johnstone, of Britain. British riders had many successes at the Show.



**THE PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION WHO HAS SPOKEN ON THE CHALLENGE OF THE ANTARCTIC: SIR RAYMOND PRIESTLEY.**

In his presidential address to the 118th annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at Sheffield on August 29, Sir Raymond Priestley, who has explored the Antarctic with Scott and Shackleton, spoke of the challenge of the potential wealth of the frozen continent now that atomic energy is being harnessed.



**TO VISIT THE FARNBOROUGH AIR SHOW: MARSHAL P. F. ZHIGAREV (RIGHT) WELCOMED BY SIR R. IVELAW-CHAPMAN (LEFT).**

On Sept. 2, Marshal P. F. Zhigarev, C-in-C. of the Soviet Air Forces, who is leading the Russian delegation which will be visiting the Farnborough Air Show, was welcomed on his arrival in London by Sir R. Ivelaw-Chapman, Vice-Chief of the Air Staff.



**EXPULSED EGYPTIAN DIPLOMATS: MR. SALAH KAFABI (LEFT), ATTACHE, AND MR. HAMDY MOHAMED NASSEF, COMMERCIAL ATTACHE.**

On August 30 the Foreign Office announced that the above two members of the staff of the Egyptian Embassy in London had been declared *personae non gratae* and asked to leave the country. This followed the expulsion from Cairo by Egypt of two English diplomats accused of being implicated in espionage.



**AFTER ENGLAND'S VICTORY IN THE TEST MATCH SERIES: THE TWO CAPTAINS CUTTING A CEREMONIAL CAKE.**

After the last Test match, which ended in a draw at the Oval on Aug. 28, a cake, with a replica of the Urn of Ashes, was cut by the two captains, Johnson (Australia) (left) and May, at a party celebrating England's victory in the series.



**THE ARRIVAL IN LONDON OF THE NEW SOUTH AFRICAN HIGH COMMISSIONER: DR. J. E. HOLLOWAY WITH HIS WIFE SEEN HERE AT VICTORIA STATION.**

On August 31 Dr. J. E. Holloway arrived in London to take up his duties as South African High Commissioner in succession to Mr. G. P. Jooste, who has been appointed South African Secretary for External Affairs. Dr. Holloway was previously Ambassador in Washington. The appointment was announced in our issue of June 9.





THE FUNERAL OF CARDINAL GRIFFIN: SHAFTS OF SUNLIGHT FALLING ON EITHER SIDE OF THE ARCHBISHOP'S COFFIN AS IT RESTED BEFORE THE HIGH ALTAR IN WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL DURING THE SOLEMN REQUIEM MASS.

The funeral of Cardinal Griffin, Archbishop of Westminster, took place on August 28 in Westminster Cathedral. The Cathedral was draped in black and purple for the Solemn Requiem Mass which was sung by Archbishop King, Bishop of Portsmouth. The thrones on either side of the vacant throne of the Archbishop of Westminster were occupied by Cardinal Liénart, Archbishop of Lille, and Cardinal McGuigan, Archbishop of Toronto. Among those in the sanctuary were Archbishop O'Hara, Apostolic Delegate to Great Britain, the heads of religious orders, the Hierarchy of England and Wales and the visiting bishops, including those representing Cardinal Feltin, Archbishop of Paris, Cardinal Frings, Archbishop of Cologne, and Cardinal Van Roey,

Archbishop of Malines. After the Mass the Archbishop of Birmingham, Dr. Grimshaw, delivered the panegyric. Then the five Absolutions were given at the bier, after which the pall was removed and the coffin borne slowly in procession to the crypt where it was buried with the honours due to a Prince of the Roman Catholic Church. The Cathedral was filled throughout the ceremonies by a large congregation which included episcopal and diplomatic representatives of over forty countries, and representatives of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Prime Minister, the Lord Mayor, and other religious and secular leaders. Many hundreds of people who could not get into the Cathedral stood outside and prayed throughout the service.



HOW the problem of the Suez Canal will be settled it is impossible to predict. Yet in writing to-day I do not feel any such difficulty as I often enough experience in dealing with a subject which may be transformed before comment on it is read.

If I could see into the future I should doubtless use other words and phrases, but the thesis would be the same. Nothing that can happen will alter my view. This is, in brief, that the British Government has been burdened and embarrassed by craven advice, pressure, and—a subtler form of attack—assumption that it has thrown to the winds the policy originally adopted after Colonel Nasser's seizure of the Suez Canal.

Those who were convinced from the first that Egypt had a right to nationalise the Canal are entitled to their opinion, though it involves the admission that any treaty may be torn up on nationalistic grounds, and consequently that if Egypt were to retain control of the Canal no

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. INFIRM COUNSELLORS.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

hand, whatever the views and previous attitude of Mr. Dulles, it would seem that his action during the conference was sincere, helpful, and statesmanlike. In any case, it is the internal campaign which now concerns me and seems to me particularly shocking. There is no reason to believe that American opinion has had anything to do with this.

The effect on Colonel Nasser has already been lamentable. I have heard on good authority that our reaction to his proclamation at first caused him anxiety. At the time of writing, he has become much more confident and he has been treating our concentration of force with derision. He has been assuring the Arab world that he has pricked the British bubble and it is much more inclined to believe him than at the start of the affair. The effect of what I have been describing has been, in fine, to tell him that he is safe, that he has got away with the loot, and that powerful spokesmen of British public opinion are going to see to it that on no account will he be disturbed in its possession. This is an ignominious piece of business.

Has the Government in fact yielded to the clamour? A

were intended only as a bluff, the number earlier on the spot would surely have sufficed for such a tepid purpose. This concentration has not been cheap, and though a transport executive assured me the other day that it was "chicken-feed," I discounted his estimate because he was receiving the chicken-

feed while nearly everyone else was concerned in paying for it. After most of my friends have told me I am the last believer in British virtues left, I still cannot bring myself to think that after all we have done, and gone on doing at least up to the end of August, we are merely bluffing.

It is becoming a truism among those who still see straight that, vital as is the future of the Suez Canal, it is not the only issue that has to be faced. That of putting a premium on international blackmail is equally important. In one sense it may be even more so. It must be supposed that, at the worst, the Canal would be kept working, even if the dues were raised and the shareholders cheated, because Egypt must be at least as anxious to keep it working as the maritime nations which are its chief users. (She might, of course, make a muddle and mess of it, but even that would be likely to right itself in time.) The harm done to the rule of law and honesty in international affairs would be even harder to cure. They have already been compromised in various ways since the Second World War.

The "soft-pedallars" are blind to the fact that we may be facing a crucial test and that the manner of our emerging from it may influence our position and our lives for a generation. That is why pusillanimity seems to me now to be the worst form of rashness and of frivolity. This is a matter of world interest. The risk that British prestige may be consigned to the dustbin is our own affair, but I am old-fashioned enough to admit that it causes me disquietude. Otherwise the ludicrous side would be more prominent. A Munich with Colonel Nasser is a conception to make the gods laugh, but we cannot afford to share their mirth.

I repeat that these comments are independent of developments. If a just and honourable settlement



AN INDEX OF TOTALITARIANISM IN EGYPT: A GIGANTIC PORTRAIT OF COLONEL NASSER RECENTLY ERECTED IN A CAIRO SQUARE.

undertaking given by her would be worth the paper on which it was written. It is a very different matter when public figures who began by apparently generous expressions of support for British policy back down and crab it. Nothing could be more fatal to the maintenance of a firm policy than to spread the impression that the nation was split by it. If so, the critics are the splitters. During the days which immediately followed Colonel Nasser's coup, all evidence pointed to a remarkable degree of unanimity in the nation.

The assumption of which I have spoken is equally damaging. "Thank goodness the Government has at least had the sense to climb down and abandon the idea of taking strong action, whatever may happen!" There has been a chorus of comment of this sort. It is an insidious form of propaganda, all the more so because no Government in a position such as that in which the British Government has been placed wants to give away its hand. It must be bewildering and unsettling to men of our armed forces; above all, reservists and those detained beyond their normal terms, who have all the time been moving into the Mediterranean. They must wonder whether they might not just as well have stayed at home if it was certain from the first that they would have nothing to do.

On the matter of outside pressure, I write with more diffidence. That from India I hardly think counted on this occasion, because it was obviously divorced from all European opinion except that of Soviet Russia. As regards the United States, strong claims have been made, by Mr. Stassen, for instance, that the Government restrained Britain and France from rashness. On the other

number of people who took no part in it and, in fact, were warm supporters of a strong policy, assure me that this is the case. With weary, disabused shrugs they say that it is typical of the times, that our spirited days are over, and that we no longer possess the energy to resent being kicked by anybody. If we do not resent being kicked by Colonel Nasser, they are certainly right. And yet, I am not so sure. The wireless talk of Mr. Selwyn Lloyd did not sound defeatist.

I cannot avoid feeling, however, that the Government would have been wiser, if it has, in fact, not given way, to have said so in words even plainer than his, and to have said so more than once. It is not sufficient to say anything of importance once only.

The Government has not ceased to direct reinforcements to the Mediterranean. They were still moving in numbers when the conference came to an end. That looks a good sign. If the troops



THE EGYPTIAN SOLDIER BESTRIDES—THE TRAFFIC: A PROPAGANDA CUT-OUT WHICH IS NOW A NOTICEABLE FEATURE IN SULEIMAN PASHA STREET IN CAIRO.

about the future of the Suez Canal is reached I shall share the general relief. If we accept a bad one, I shall feel that we have disgraced ourselves. If we refuse to accept a bad one and take strong action to secure a good one, I shall feel that we have done the right thing. But in any of these events I shall continue to look back on the campaign of the infirm counsellors, the home-bred ones, anyhow, with regret and aversion.



# ONE OF THE WETTEST AUGUSTS ON RECORD: FLOOD SCENES IN THE BORDER COUNTRY.



AT ROTHBURY, IN COQUETDALE, NORTHUMBERLAND: THE FLOODED RACECOURSE. THIS DISTRICT, LIKE THE BORDER, WAS BADLY HIT ON AUGUST 27-28.



WHERE THE NOTICE-BOARD UNHELPFULLY POINTS "TO CAR PARK": ROTHBURY'S CHIEF PARKING-PLACE, WITH A SUBMERGED LORRY.



NEAR THE JUNCTION OF THE TWEED AND LEITHEN. VAST ACREAGES IN TWEEDSIDE WERE UNDER WATER AFTER THE HEAVY RAINS OF AUGUST 27-28.



HEAVY FLOODING NEAR CARLISLE: HERE THE SWOLLEN RIVER CALDEW HAS TORN AWAY A FOOTBRIDGE NEAR CUMMERSDALE.



ON THE ROAD BETWEEN UPPERBY AND HARRABY, SOUTH-EAST OF CARLISLE, WHERE THE RIVER PETTERILL HAD BROKEN ITS BANKS.

As August approached its end—in a series of cloudbursts and thunderstorms—it became clear that this would be declared London's worst August on record; and much the same could be said for the rest of the country. Since this is *par excellence* the holiday month, to most town-dwellers it was a dismal tale of ruined holidays and washed-out cricket matches; to country-dwellers and farmers in particular it was much more serious, and many areas suffered severe losses. It is impossible to mention all the districts which suffered.



THE FLOOD WHICH CUT THE LONDON-EDINBURGH MAIN LINE: THE SCENE NEAR COCKBURNSPATH, WHERE A HILL BURN BURST A CULVERT.

In mid-August, Moray and Nairn, in northern Scotland, suffered severely when the River Findhorn burst its banks. A few days later there were severe floods in Lancashire and in North Wales. No sooner had the Government undertaken responsibility for making good some flood damage in Moray and Nairn, than continuous heavy rain in the Border country on August 27-28 brought heavy floods in Cumberland, Northumberland and Tweedside, where the main railway line between London and Edinburgh was cut.





# ORDERED IN CONSIDERABLE NUMBERS BY A U.S. AIRLINE FOR DOMESTIC ROUTES: THE

The de Havilland Comet 4 and 4A, which are each powered by four Rolls-Royce RA. 29 Avon jet engines, constitute a two-fold development in the aviation world. Firstly, following the inquiries of 1954 and more research work than has ever been done on any previous airliner, the famous Comet will soon be in service again as one of the leading civil aircraft. Secondly, the 4A will be the first Comet adapted to operate economically on short-stage routes, which involve relatively short flights ranging in distance up to a maximum of 2000 miles. (The Comet 4, by contrast, is adapted to

operate on trunk-route flights of about 3000 miles.) Also, Capital Airlines, one of the leading United States domestic airline companies, have ordered ten 4As (together with four 4s), and these will be the first pure-jet airliners to operate on internal American routes. The American order is not the only sign of confidence in the new Comets; British Overseas Airways Corporation have also placed an order, which is for twenty Comet 4s. The American order will be a considerable contribution to British exports, and appropriately the Comets will be represented at the Farnborough Air Show,

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, with the

# NEW COMET 4A, FOR "SHORT-STAGE" FLIGHTS, WITH THE COMET 4 ALSO SHOWN.

which is intended to play an important part as an export trade shop-window. A Comet 2 will be on show in the static part of the exhibition. The Comet 4A, which will go into service in America in 1959, will travel 200 m.p.h. faster than present-day piston-engine aircraft, and will be used on Capital's major and most competitive routes. The distinctive features of the 4A are as follows: the fuselage has been lengthened by 40 ins., allowing 74 first-class or 92 tourist-class passengers to be carried; the wing-span has been reduced from 115 to 108 ft., and this, with some strengthening

co-operation of the de Havilland Aircraft Co. Ltd.

of the tail and rear fuselage, allows a higher cruising speed to be obtained at lower altitudes. This gives greater operational flexibility with low direct operating costs over short and medium stages. A feature of both the 4 and 4A is that the pressurised fuselage has been considerably strengthened at certain important points. The 4A will cruise at about 545 m.p.h. at an altitude of 23,500 ft., and can be flown into or from the great majority of the world's airports. Like the airframe, the Rolls-Royce Avon engines have already undergone extensive trials lasting over a period of years and millions of flying hours.



# SAUDI ARABIA TO-DAY: TRANSFORMATION "THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH,"

# SCENES IN AN OIL-BOOM COUNTRY, WHERE YIELDING PLACE TO NEW."



FOLLOWING A CELEBRATION AT THE MOSQUE: A ROYAL RECEPTION IN THE COURT OF THE AL-HAMBRA AT RIYADH, WHICH HAS MODERN VENTILATION AND LIGHTING.



(Above.) A CORNER OF THE BEAUTIFULLY LAID-OUT GARDEN OF KING SAUD'S NEW PALACE. THE GARDEN WAS STARTED SIX YEARS AGO, WHEN THE OLD PALACE WAS STILL STANDING, AND NOW IT IS WELL ESTABLISHED.



IN JEDDAH: THE FINE ENTRANCE TO KING SAUD'S NEW PALACE. NOTE THE FLOODLIGHT, AND THE MODERN LIGHT STANDARD (RIGHT).

(Right.) ON THE ROAD TO MECCA: ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST MODERN PRINTING PLANTS, WITH AN ADVERTISEMENT HOARDING (LEFT) AND LARGE MODERN CAR (RIGHT) WHICH SEEM STRANGELY INCONGRUOUS SO NEAR THE HOLY CITY OR ISLAM.



(Above.) THE RAPIDLY-CHANGING CENTRE OF OLD RIYADH: THE MOSQUE AND ENTRANCE (LEFT) TO THE MAIN MARKET. THE LARGE MODERN CARS ARE TYPICAL OF THOSE WHICH ARE SEEN TODAY ALL OVER THE CITY.



AMERICAN CARS AND RAMADAN: THOUSANDS OF ARABS PRAYING AT DAWN IN RIYADH, IN THE PRESENCE OF KING SAUD, AT THE END OF RAMADAN.



(Right.) NEWLY-CONSTRUCTED IN JEDDAH, THE RED SEA TOWN WHICH IS THE SEAPORT OF MECCA: AN OFFICE BUILDING WHICH IS STRIKINGLY MODERN IN DESIGN AND IS TYPICAL OF THE POST-WAR ARCHITECTURE TO BE SEEN IN SOME SAUDI ARABIAN TOWNS.



WHERE ULTRA-MODERN AIR-CONDITIONED OFFICE BUILDINGS ARE RAPIDLY CHANGING THE APPEARANCE OF THE TOWN: A GENERAL VIEW OF JEDDAH, ON THE RED SEA.



BUILT BY AN AMERICAN COMPANY: THE SEVEN-MILE LONG PIER AT DAMMAN, ON THE PERSIAN GULF, WHERE TWO TRACKS AT ONE TIME.



WHERE EAST AND WEST HAVE MET: A VIEW OF JEDDAH WITH ITS OFFICES AND SHOPS WITH THEIR NAMES AND BUSINESSES DISPLAYED IN ENGLISH AND ARABIC.

The changes which have been and are being brought about in Saudi Arabia from the presence of the American oil companies, and the prosperity which depends on the oil won by and for the West, are strikingly illustrated by the photographs on these pages. From the King's palace at Riyadh, which cost 176,000,000 dollars, to the seven-mile-long pier at Damman, on the Persian Gulf—all has been made possible by the money which has been pouring into the country since World War II. Almost overnight, or so it must seem to

visitors, modern air-conditioned buildings, shops, offices, garages and works have arisen, as has the King's sumptuous palace. Roads and schools are being constructed, and everywhere "the old order changeth, yielding place to new." Those who knew Jeddah in the days when its chief importance was as a landing-place for pilgrims to Mecca would hardly recognize it to-day, with its ultra-modern buildings, deep-water piers, airport and the large American cars which make their way through its streets. As recently

as 1947 a water supply for Jeddah, built by a British firm, was completed, and a new pipe-line, completed in 1954, has at least doubled the supply. An American group was responsible for the building of deep-water piers at Damman, on the Persian Gulf, and at Jeddah; both were completed in 1950. The tale of modern Saudi Arabia, as wonderful as any in the Arabian Nights, is the story of oil. For all these undertakings, and many others, have been largely financed out of oil revenues. In addition, the companies carrying

on oil operations have provided medical, educational and other services, and have assisted the Government in important irrigation projects which have resulted in the bringing into cultivation of thousands of acres of desert land. The oil royalties, paid by the American Oil Company, have increased the revenue of the Saudi Arabian Government from about £3,000,000 in 1938 to about £110,000,000 in 1954. Since January 1950 Saudi Arabia has had a fifty-fifty share in oil profits.



## THE STORMING OF AVILA: A STIRRING MOMENT FROM C. S. FORESTER'S "THE GUN" BEING FILMED IN SPAIN—A SCENE FROM "THE PRIDE AND THE PASSION."



THE MONSTER CANNON HAS DONE ITS WORK, AND THE SPANISH PEOPLE SURGE ACROSS THE PLAIN THROUGH THE BREACH IN THE WALLS OF AVILA: THE CLIMAX OF THE FILM, "THE PRIDE AND THE PASSION," WHICH HAS BEEN MADE IN SPAIN.



THE ANCIENT CITY OF AVILA, IN OLD CASTILE: A SECTION OF THE ELEVENTH-CENTURY GRANITE WALLS AS THEY STILL STAND TO-DAY.

DURING recent months a large and varied company has been on the move in Spain, and, under the direction of Mr. Stanley Kramer, has been making the VistaVision-Technicolor film entitled "The Pride and The Passion." Adapted from an incident in Mr. C. S. Forester's well-known novel "The Gun," the film tells the story of a brave band of Spanish guerrilleros who, during the Spanish War of Independence, defy Napoleon's occupation forces and drag a huge cannon across Spain. Their aim is to reach the French occupied city of Avila, in Old Castile, and to breach its mighty walls with the cannon, which was at that time (1810) the largest in the world. After a series of incredible adventures the band reached the windswept plain in front of Avila, and it was here that the climax of the film was actually shot. To-day, Avila still stands within its dark granite

walls. The citizens were no doubt somewhat baffled by the arrival of Mr. Kramer's company, which had trekked across Spain in the wake of *The Gun*, until, like the guerrilleros, they had come to Avila to capture it. But this time the capture was preceded by events which must have seemed extremely strange to the citizens of Avila. Under the supervision of experts their ancient walls were added to. A reproduction of a section of the wall was built in plaster and cork, jutting out from the original, but appearing as part of it. Thus the great cannon could actually breach the wall, and though the first attack was marred by the refusal of the mock wall to respond to the explosives, the second attempt was successful. The mock wall was realistically breached, and the city was entered by a vast number of extras, most of whom were themselves citizens of Avila.



SHOWING THE ADDITION MADE TO THE OLD WALLS FOR THE FILM: THE PLASTER-AND-CORK WALL AND TOWER BUILT TO BE BOMBARDED.



# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

## PAJARITO AND TCHIHATCHEWIA.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

ONE of the most beautiful wild flowers that I saw when plant-collecting in Chile was *Pasithea coerulea*.

Its charming Chilean vernacular name is Pajarito, meaning "little bird," and it is indeed the bluest of blue little birds. In general habit the plant always reminded me, rather remotely, of the Anthericums, those asphodel-like lilies which look so strangely exotic in the Alpine hayfields. On looking the plant up I find that *Pasithea* is, in fact, a distant cousin of the Anthericums. As I remember the Pajarito growing wild in Chile, it had long, narrow, grass-like leaves and wiry stems, 2 to 3 ft. tall, carrying graceful, spreading sprays of star-like blossoms, each about an inch across, and of a clear, intense, pure blue. I met it many times as a cut flower in private houses, and it was extremely popular for that purpose, but never once did I see it as a cultivated plant in gardens. Although such a beautiful thing, there was no need to cultivate it. It was too plentiful as a wild flower, and as a wild plant it would often occur in the rougher, uncultivated parts of country gardens.

I collected and sent home seeds of *Pasithea coerulea*, and raised some at my Six Hills Nursery at Stevenage, when I grew them planted out in a raised bed in one of the unheated Alpine houses. There they grew and flowered tolerably well for a few years, after which they disappeared—how or why I can not remember. Perhaps we were not as kind to *Pasithea* as its potential beauty deserved. Maybe we ought to have given it a deeper bed of lighter soil, light but nourishing, and thoroughly well drained.

Five or six years ago I was sent a packet of seeds of Pajarito from Chile which I grew in an unheated greenhouse in my present Cotswold garden, but again I fear I did not do the plant justice, and so never achieved any sprays of those lovely blue flowers. This time I suspect that though the soil was pleasant enough, it lacked depth, so that the roots, consisting of little white tubers strung together on a system of wire-like fibres, were unable to bury themselves to a comfortable depth.

Then, about a couple of years ago, a flower-loving friend in Chile wrote and asked whether there were any seeds I would like her to send me. At once my mind went to Pajarito *Pasithea coerulea*. How nice it would be, I thought, to make one more effort, to satisfy and so successfully flower my old friend, the little blue bird. Again it would have to be the unheated greenhouse, but this time no effort should be spared in the matter of the depth and the composition of the bed of soil. I am not dead certain, but I rather think I asked for "Pajarito" and left out the *Pasithea coerulea*. However it was, the seed arrived last spring and was sown at once, and in late July the good friend who had sent the seeds came here for an all-too-short visit. When she went to her room she was greeted by a vase on the dressing-table of the most lovely Pajaritos, light and graceful, and intensely pure blue. But she had already heard that

the seeds that she had sent were "Pajarito" all right, but not *Pasithea coerulea*.

As so often happens with vernacular names, there are two blue-flowered plants in Chile which answer to the name Pajarito. One of them is *Pasithea* and the other an annual larkspur, and it was this last which had been collected in all good faith by a friend of my good friend. I realised as soon as the seedlings were an inch or so high that they were not *Pasithea*. Instead of grassy leaves they were a hair-fine fuzz of emerald fennel-like foliage. Apparently this annual larkspur, which grew here to a height of about 2 ft., and is a very pretty thing, grows abundantly as a half-wild plant in Chilean gardens. What its correct botanical name is I do not know. Nor do I know whether it is a true Chilean native. But I think it is probably one of the many annual

territory as a now wild thing.

Although I am sorry not to have secured *Pasithea* this time, I am glad to have this annual blue larkspur, for though it may be what folk might call common, it is essentially a graceful thing, obviously easy to grow, of a splendidly true blue, and as a cut flower it lasted exactly a fortnight in water before the first signs of tatty-hood set in.

Seed on my plants should be ripe and ready for sowing by September, which, of course, is the best month for sowing all the annual larkspurs, and a great many other hardy annuals. And let me add—I am grateful for Pajarito's present manifestation as a larkspur instead of as a *Pasithea*, for it has drawn my attention to the outstanding virtues of the annual varieties as cut flowers. It is several years since I grew any of them. Most

certainly I must order a few packets of one or two of the several types, in mixed colours, to console me until seeds of the other Pajarito, the one which I so much admired in Chile—*Pasithea coerulea*—can be obtained. So nearly hardy is *Pasithea*, having lived and flowered with me for several years in my unheated Alpine house, that I can imagine that it would flourish in the open air in Cornwall, the west coast of Scotland, and the Scilly Islands. In colder districts it should be excellent in the earth border at the foot of the back wall of a vine-house, especially if it had the amenity of being kept frost-free in winter.

Some little time ago I wrote on this page about a plant which I have been seeking for over fifty years—*Tchihatchewia isatidea*. There is an engraving of it in my elderly edition of William Robinson's "English Flower Garden," dated 1899, in which it looks rather like *Daphne cneorum*. But it was not only on account of that bewitching collection of tinkling syllables—

*Tchihatchewia isatidea*—that I fell in love with this Alpine from Asia Minor. The description of the plant greatly inflamed my cupidity. Hardy, not particular as to soil or situation, but prefers growing among rocks. Leaves dark green, thickly beset with shining, silky hairs, and a flower-head of syringa-like rosy-lilac blossoms a foot across and fragrant like vanilla throughout the month of May. Ever since 1899 I have yearned in vain for this paragon of a plant. But a day or two ago I met someone who had met someone else who had not only seen specimens of *Tchihatchewia isatidea* but actually possessed one. Since then I have met the "someone else" and have been invited to go and see the plant itself. Not only that, but I have reasonable hopes of becoming possessed of a specimen—or specimens—myself.

I said that I have been seeking *Tch.*, etc., for over fifty years. Actually, it is nearer sixty than fifty years. I confess that I have a horrid dread that if I am lucky enough to acquire a specimen, the plant will turn out to be a miffy biennial with flowers of a sad and rather tush mauve. But, no; I see the description in Robinson is initialled "M.L."—that is, Max Leichtlin, and that great plantsman's description is safe to build hopes on—or should I say upon?



"THE BLUEST OF LITTLE BLUE BIRDS": CHILE'S PAJARITO, *PASITHEA COERULEA*, A DELIGHTFUL RELATION OF THE ANTHERICUMS (AND, INDEED, ONCE CALLED ANTHERICUM) HERE SEEN IN A PLATE FROM THE *BOTANICAL MAGAZINE* OF 1892.



A "BEWITCHING COLLECTION OF TINKLING SYLLABLES": *TCHIHATCHEWIA ISATIDEA*, A RARE AND MUCH-DESIRED NATIVE OF ASIA MINOR, REPRODUCED FROM A PLATE IN THE *BOTANICAL MAGAZINE* OF 1898.

larkspurs which are cultivated in European gardens which has gone native and established itself as a half-wild escape from cultivation in Chile, just as the brilliant golden eschscholtzia of California has escaped from Chilean gardens and colonised over hundreds of square miles of Chilean

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# TCHOGA-ZANBIL'S "TOWER OF BABEL": THE WORLD'S GREATEST ZIGGURAT.



FIG. 1. THE GREAT ELAMITE ZIGGURAT OF TCHOGA-ZANBIL (13th CENTURY B.C.), IN KHUZISTAN: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SOUTH-EAST FACE BEFORE THIS LAST SEASON'S EXCAVATIONS BEGAN.



FIG. 2. THE SOUTH-EAST FACE OF THE ZIGGURAT AFTER THE COMPLETION OF THIS SEASON'S WORK. AT TOP AND IN THE CENTRE CAN BE SEEN THE CLEFT MARKING THE EMPLACEMENT OF THE STAIR TO THE UPPER STAGES.



FIG. 3. THE NORTH-WEST FACE OF THE ZIGGURAT CLEARED AND PARTLY RESTORED, SHOWING THE BUILT-UP MONUMENTAL ENTRY TO THE SECOND STAGE.

For some years the Tchoga-Zanbil "Tower of Babel," an Elamite ziggurat of the thirteenth century B.C. (and the only ziggurat to survive to any considerable height), has been the subject of extensive excavations and reconstructions by the French Archæological Mission in Persia under the direction of Dr. R. GHIRSHMAN. Previous articles on the work have appeared in *The Illustrated London News* of Dec. 6, 1952, Aug. 8, 1953, July 3, 1954, June 25, 1955; and Dr. GHIRSHMAN summarises the last season's work as follows:

THE French Archæological Mission in Susiana (south-west Persia) which is exploring Tchoga-Zanbil, the Elamite site of the thirteenth century B.C. near Susa, has concluded, in the course of the winter season of 1955-56, the clearing of the south-east face of the

[Continued opposite.



FIG. 4. THE SOUTH-WEST FACE OF THE ZIGGURAT, LIKE THAT SHOWN IN FIG. 3, CLEARED AND PARTLY RESTORED. IN FRONT OF THE STEPS TO THE MONUMENTAL ENTRY IS A CIRCULAR PEDESTAL, AN ALTAR BUILT BY KING UNTASH-GAL.

Continued.] ziggurat. Fig. 1 shows the beginning of the work on this face and Fig. 2 shows it completely cleared. In this photograph we see at the top and in the centre the traces of the cleft which formed the emplacement of a stair which led from the third to the fifth stage of the tower. At the bottom centre, this face contains a monumental gate through which the approach was made to the second stage. In front of the entry lay an enormous pierced stone in which turned the upper part of the hinge of the door (Fig. 6). The flanks of the second stage of the same face enclosed two temples dedicated to the god Insusinak, the principal deity of the Elamite pantheon. Temple B was entered from the first stage by a vaulted passage which covered a little descending stair (Fig. 7). In clearing this passage, we

[Continued overleaf.



# DOORS, BOLTS, AND HINGES IN INSUSINAK'S ZIGGURAT AT TCHOGA-ZANBIL, IN PERSIA.



FIG. 5. THE ENTRY TO TEMPLE B, SHOWING (RIGHT) THE PIERCED STONE AND POTTERY TUBE WHICH TOOK THE BOLT, AND (LEFT) THE SWIVEL-HOLE FOR THE DOOR.



FIG. 6. THE MONUMENTAL ENTRY TO THE SOUTH-EAST FACE OF THE ZIGGURAT, WITH A HUGE PIERCED STONE ON WHICH IT IS PRESUMED THE DOOR WAS HINGED.



FIG. 7. THE VAULTED PASSAGE WHICH LED TO TEMPLE B. DEDICATED TO INSUSINAK, THIS WAS SITED INSIDE THE MASS OF THE SECOND STAGE OF THE ZIGGURAT.



FIG. 8. THE REMAINS OF PART OF THE WOODEN DOOR WHICH SWUNG ON THE SWIVEL SHOWN IN FIG. 5. IT BEARS TRACES OF BLACK AND WHITE GLASS ORNAMENT.



FIG. 9. THE ENTRANCE TO THE INNER SHRINE OF TEMPLE B, SHOWING THE TWO MASSIVE STONES WHICH CARRIED THE BOLT.



FIG. 10. THE PARTLY-RESTORED MAIN DOORWAY TO THE SOUTH-WEST FACE. THE THREE WHITE LINES INDICATE THE SHAPE OF THE ORIGINAL TRIPLE VAULT.

which probably served as a courtyard, an antecella and a cella. A wooden door, whose bolt was held by two pierced stones fixed in the wall (Fig. 9), gave access to the two final rooms. Another temple (A), also dedicated to Insusinak, and composed of three rooms, occupied the southern half

*Continued.* had the luck to find the lower part of the leaf of the gate whose still-preserved wood was decorated with long stripes of black and white glass (Fig. 8). Beyond this gate, to the left, were found, fixed in the wall, a stone with a horizontal hole, behind which lay a pottery tube. Into this slipped the wooden bolt with which the door was closed (Fig. 5). The temple comprised an entry, a part

[Continued opposite.



# WHAT AN ELAMITE ZIGGURAT LOOKED LIKE; ITS PRECINCTS, AND METHOD OF CONSTRUCTION.



(Left.)  
FIG. 11. A RECONSTRUCTION MODEL OF THE ZIGGURAT AS IT MOST PROBABLY ORIGINALLY WAS, SHOWING THE SOUTH-EAST FACE. ITS HEIGHT WAS ABOUT 174 FT. AND ITS BASE ABOUT 350 FT.

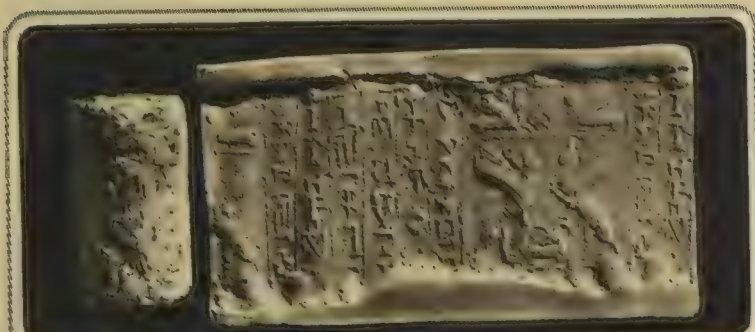


FIG. 12. A CYLINDER SEAL, WITH IMPRESSION—ONE OF MORE THAN 100 SIMILAR VOTIVE OFFERINGS FOUND IN THE SOUTH-EAST PRECINCT CHAPELS.



(Right.)  
FIG. 13. AMONG THE VOTIVE OBJECTS FOUND IN THE SOUTH-EAST PRECINCT CHAPELS WERE A NUMBER OF SMALL ANIMALS IN FRIT AND GLASS, SUCH AS THE TORTOISE, BIRD AND TWO BEASTS SHOWN.

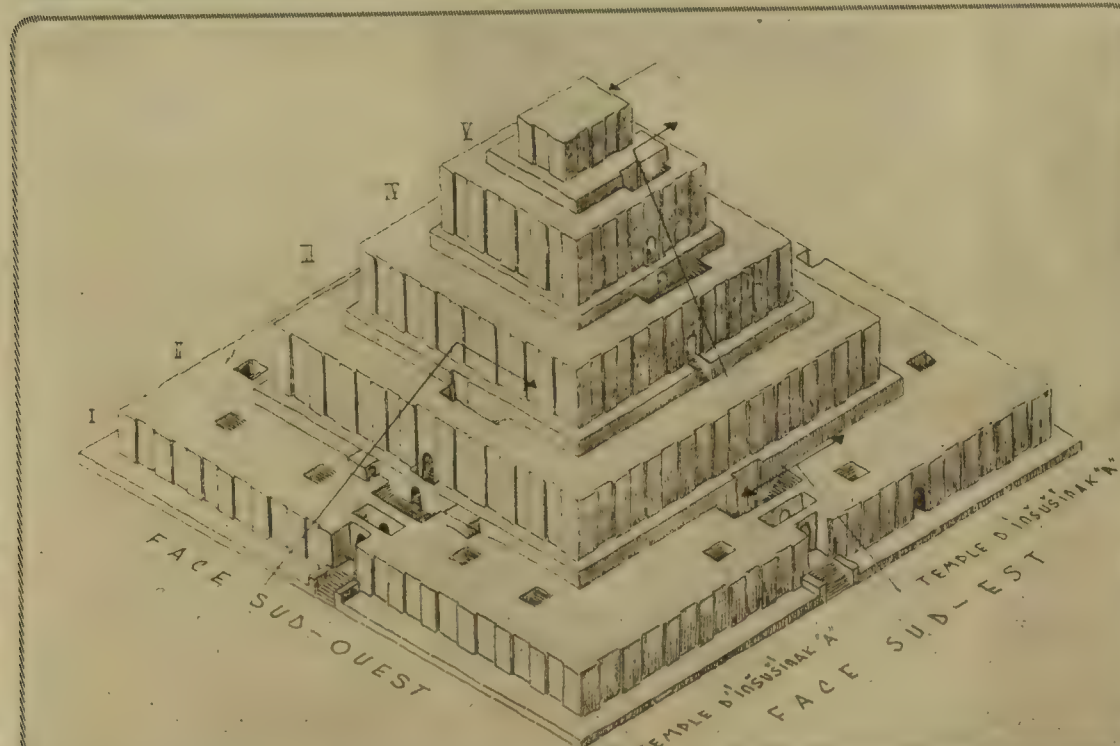


FIG. 14. AN ISOMETRIC RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING OF THE GREAT ELAMITE ZIGGURAT BUILT BY KING UNTASH-GAL IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY B.C. THE ARROWS SHOW THE ROUTE TO THE SUMMIT WHICH, IT IS PRESUMED, WAS CROWNED WITH A TEMPLE.

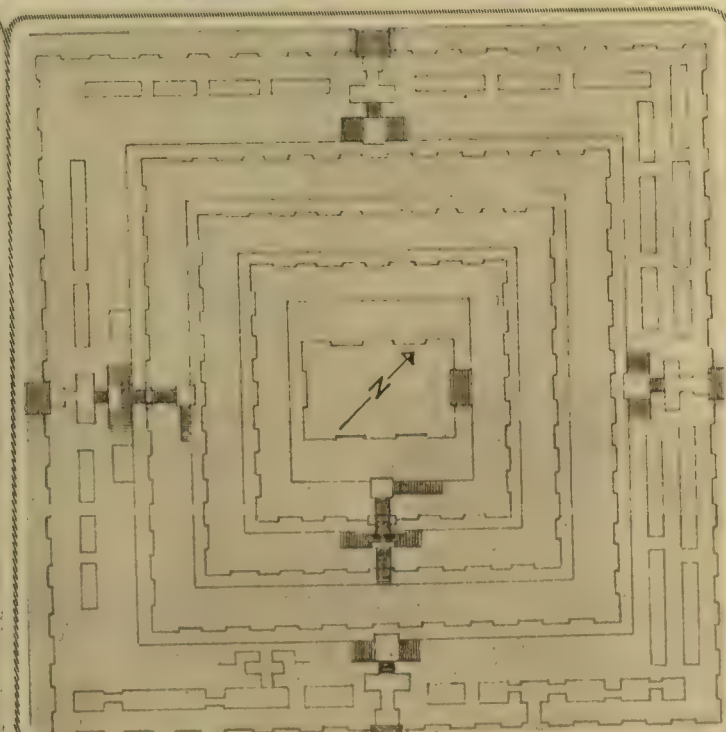


FIG. 15. A GROUND PLAN OF THE TCHOGA-ZANBIL ZIGGURAT. THIS AND FIGS. 11 AND 14 HELP TO EXPLAIN THE CONJECTURED METHOD OF CONSTRUCTION DEDUCED AS A RESULT OF DR. GHIRSHMAN'S EXCAVATIONS AND DESCRIBED IN THE TEXT.

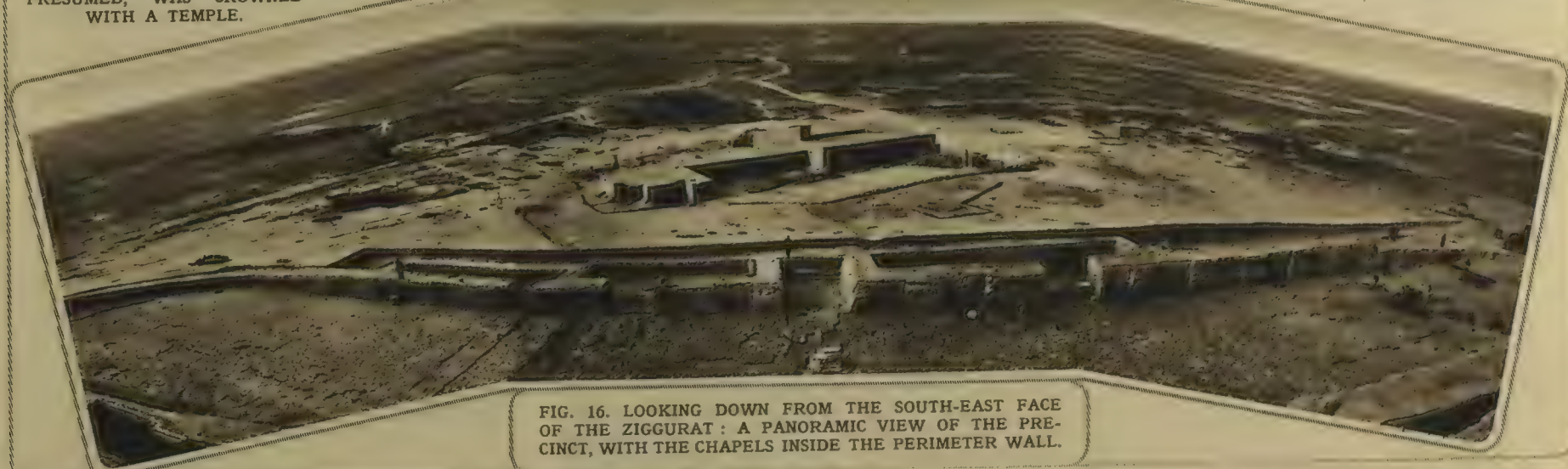


FIG. 16. LOOKING DOWN FROM THE SOUTH-EAST FACE OF THE ZIGGURAT: A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE PRECINCT, WITH THE CHAPELS INSIDE THE PERIMETER WALL.

*Continued.*  
of this south-east face of the ziggurat. Its monumental entry, which had been destroyed, looked towards the heart of the ziggurat. This temple only functioned during the first stage of the construction of the tower, when the two first stages simply enclosed the vast central area, where later the upper stages were to be built. The south-west face has been entirely cleared (Fig. 4) and its gate of entry partly restored (Fig. 10). Vast precincts stretched around the ziggurat; that of the south-east face was surrounded by a boundary wall in which chapels were set (Fig. 16). In these chapels were found votive objects in frit and in glass, of which there were more than a hundred cylinders (Fig. 12), and little animals and birds (Fig. 13). We have also partly restored the north-west face of the ziggurat (Fig. 3) and entirely cleared its precinct. The clearing of the eroded surface of the top of the tower allows us to recognise traces of the stairways of the upper stages and to perceive exactly the way in which the ascent was made to the upper temple which crowned the ziggurat.

These discoveries have allowed us to attempt a reconstruction (Figs. 14 and 15) and Mme. T. Ghirshman has made a model of it (Fig. 11).

In view of the reconstructed elevation, plan and the model of the ziggurat which we reproduce on this page (Figs. 11, 14 and 15) it is perhaps worth while to repeat Dr. Ghirshman's theory of the method of construction, since this is the only ziggurat of any considerable height ever to be excavated. Briefly this is the method. First the stages marked I and II in Fig. 14 were built as an open quadrangle. Next stage III was built inside this as a higher open quadrangle of smaller area; and similarly with stages IV and V. Finally the topmost stage was built; and on this, it is presumed, the crowning temple was erected. As can be seen in the same Fig. 14 there was a system of ascent by stairways to the summit; and it is not difficult to imagine processions of priests and nobles winding their way to the temple at the summit.





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. EVERYTHING ABOUT GLASS

Two Books Reviewed by FRANK DAVIS.

HERE are two books on British Table Glass, the one complementary to the other. Mr. Hughes has compiled a straightforward encyclopædia for collectors\*; Mr. Angus-Butterworth, writing as a member of a famous firm of glass manufacturers, gives an account of the modern industry with a preliminary and necessarily brief backward glance at the past.† He is perhaps writing primarily for his colleagues in the trade: none the less, the amateur who does not subscribe to the belief that good glass-making perished some time in the 1830's will find him both informative and stimulating. For example, Mr. Hughes in his excellent chapter on engraving tells us how the earlier practice of diamond-point engraving was superseded in England about the end of the seventeenth century by wheel-engraving. Mr. Angus-Butterworth reminds us how, as recently as 1935, the old craft was revived by Mr. W. J. Wilson and, because of its delicacy and flexibility in the right hands, seems likely to flourish for the decoration of commemorative pieces. One or two excellent examples are illustrated, including a fine goblet with the R.A.F. monogram and Sir Winston Churchill's memorable words in 1940: "Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few" (illustrated). The work here can, I suggest, stand comparison with the diamond engraving on any of the few surviving Verzellini glasses of the late sixteenth century, and so can Mr. Keith Murray's designs for the Brierley Hill glass-works.

In spite of modern methods of mass production and some unfortunate legacies from the nineteenth century, it is clear enough that the industry of to-day can, when it gives its mind to it, produce glass not only technically pure, but no less aesthetically satisfying than its distinguished prototypes. How varied these were is shown in absorbing detail by Mr. Hughes; he notes somewhere that in 1947 a collection of ninety odd wine-glasses, each of a different shape, was sold at Christie's for £280. He provides us with all kinds of fascinating sidelights upon the social life of each generation. I quote at random. Here is "The Female Spectator" discussing tea-drinking in 1744:

Tea whether of the Green or Bohea kind, when taken in excess occasions a dejection of spirits and flatulency, which lays the drinker of it under a kind of necessity of having recourse to more animating liquors. The most temperate and sober of the sex find themselves obliged to drink wine pretty freely after it. None of them nowadays pretend to entertain with the one without the other, and the bottle and the cordial-glass are as sure an appendix to the tea-table as the slop basin. Brandy, rum and other spirituous liquors are become a usual accompaniment to tea.

The "other spirituous liquors" in favour were aromatic cordials, the English equivalent of French liqueurs, about 50 per cent. alcohol and 25 sugar, 2s. per pint in Queen Anne's reign, and uncommonly potent—hence the small cordial glass

with a small funnel or bell-shaped bowl made less capacious by a thick base.

Then there's champagne, first introduced to England, it appears, in 1662 by St. Evremond, who, imprisoned in the Bastille by Cardinal Mazarin, escaped to England, was given a sinecure as "Governor of the Duck Islands," and became an arbiter of elegance at Court. His favourite wine was champagne, and soon, says Mr. Hughes, small supplies were reaching England in barrels shortly after the vintage, to be decanted, bottled

and consumed speedily in a semi-sparkling condition. Just what is meant by the term "semi-sparkling" seems to be anyone's guess; the point is that St. Evremond decreed that the only glass suitable for it was the tall, slender flute, and this type seems to have remained in favour until the 1730's, when its place was taken by a graceful tazza-shape, to return to fashion some years later. These champagne flutes are among the most beautiful of the early glasses which have come down to us, and we can rejoice that the habit in

London at one period of snapping the stem in two after drinking a toast to prevent the glass from being used a second time for a lesser toast had only a limited application. Members of the Royal family were exempt from paying import duty, and other important people arranged a similar privilege for themselves with the help of friendly diplomats, among them Lord Chesterfield, who toasted the beauties of the day in these memorable words:

Give me Champaign and fill  
it to the brim,  
I'll toast in bumpers ev'ry  
lovely limb.

I hope I am not giving the impression that the book is filled with little more than a succession of lively comments upon social habits; let me emphasize that its main purpose is to explain and describe technical advances and the various changes in material and shape. This is admirably carried out but illuminated and humanised by a wealth of anecdotes of the sort indicated above. On one or two very minor points I would, with some diffidence, venture to challenge the author's statements; he seems to me inclined to deduce general rules from very scanty evidence. For example, he illustrates in colour the best-known of the Kit-Cat portraits in the National Portrait Gallery—Kneller's double portrait of the Duke of Newcastle and the Earl of Lincoln,

in which the Duke is holding a wineglass with the rim of the foot between the first finger and thumb of his right hand; the style, we are informed, fashionable between 1660 and 1760. I for one require more evidence than a single painting to persuade me that so clumsy and unsafe a grip was dictated by fashion during the course of 100 years. It is odd also that in the admirable chapter on Ravenscroft no mention is made of that great man's experimental glass-house at Henley-on-Thames.

Among other good things, I welcome a particularly informative section on Bristol-blue, that very attractive glass usually associated with gold decoration which was made in considerable though not great quantities from about 1760 to the end of the century, and, because of its rich, clear colour, easily enough distinguished from that made during the Napoleonic wars. A blue glass had been known previously at Murano, of course, and Mr. Hughes produces documentary evidence that it had been made in England also, but the excellence of Bristol-blue was due to the use of imports of cobalt from Saxony. That unpleasant practical military man, Frederick the Great, had seized Saxony during the Seven Years War (1756-63), and some of the Saxon stock of cobalt found its way to Bristol. The English variety down in Cornwall was not so good. The glass soon had a vogue for other purposes apart from those of the table—for scent and smelling-bottles, for example, in combination with small articles of jewellery, for bodkin cases and even for mantel ornaments, possibly, it is suggested, as less expensive rivals to the Derbyshire Blue-John ornaments then coming into fashion. The book is a monument of industry, carefully documented, and extremely well illustrated; my guess is that it will remain a useful work of reference for many years to come.



AN ENGLISH ALE FLUTE, ENGRAVED WITH HOP AND BARLEY, OF THE 1740's: THIS PIECE, FROM THE BROOKLYN MUSEUM, IS ILLUSTRATED IN "ENGLISH, SCOTTISH AND IRISH TABLE GLASS," BY G. BERNARD HUGHES, WHICH IS REVIEWED BY FRANK DAVIS ON THIS PAGE.



"AMONG THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF THE EARLY GLASSES WHICH HAVE COME DOWN TO US": ONE OF THE CHAMPAGNE FLUTES ILLUSTRATED IN THIS BOOK. THIS BELL-SHAPED FLUTE DATES FROM ABOUT 1750 AND IS IN THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.



AN EXAMPLE OF THE REVIVED CRAFT OF DIAMOND-POINT ENGRAVING: A GOBLET ENGRAVED WITH THE R.A.F. MONOGRAM AND ONE OF SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL'S MOST FAMOUS DICTA. THIS PIECE, WHICH WAS DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY W. J. WILSON, M.S.I.A., IS ILLUSTRATED IN "BRITISH TABLE AND ORNAMENTAL GLASS," BY L. M. ANGUS-BUTTERWORTH, WHICH IS ALSO REVIEWED BY MR. DAVIS.

\* "English, Scottish and Irish Table Glass," by G. Bernard Hughes. With 310 illustrations, two of them in colour. (B. T. Batsford; 5 gns.)

† "British Table and Ornamental Glass," by L. M. Angus-Butterworth. With 216 illustrations and a Colour Frontispiece. (Leonard Hill; 42s.)



# EXHIBITED AT SHEFFIELD: PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS BY AUGUSTUS JOHN.



(Left.)  
"GIRL WITH AN ORANGE SCARF": IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE WORK OF AUGUSTUS JOHN, O.M., R.A., AT THE GRAVES ART GALLERY, SHEFFIELD. (Oil on panel; 13 by 16 ins.) (J. Dugdale, Esq.)



(Right.)  
"LE PARADOU" OR "A GALWAY GROUP." SIGNED AND DATED: JOHN 1915. (Pen and wash; 18 by 15½ ins.) (The Aberdeen Art Gallery.)



"STUDY FOR AN UNDINE": A DRAWING OF 1906, WHICH IS A FINE EXAMPLE OF JOHN'S POWERFUL DRAUGHTSMANSHIP. (Pencil; 10½ by 9 ins.) (The Manchester City Art Galleries.)



"TRISTAN": A PORTRAIT PAINTED IN 1946. (Oil on canvas; 18 by 13 ins.) (Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, Bart.)



"ROSA WAUGH": AMONG THE NOTABLE PORTRAITS IN THE EXHIBITION AT SHEFFIELD. (Oil on canvas; 32 by 27 ins.) (T. Blackwell, Esq.)



"WANDERING SINTE": ONE OF JOHN'S MANY STUDIES OF GIPSY LIFE. (Charcoal; 44 by 33 ins.) (The Manchester City Art Galleries.)



"DORELIA STANDING": ONE OF THE FAMOUS SERIES OF DRAWINGS IN WHICH THE MODEL IS JOHN'S SECOND WIFE. (Pencil; 17½ by 9½ ins.) (J. Dugdale, Esq.)



"DAVID WITH A STAFF." THIS EXHIBITION CONTINUES UNTIL SEPTEMBER 23. (Oil on panel; 13 by 9½ ins.) (David J. Dugdale, Esq.)

AUGUSTUS JOHN, O.M., R.A., who was born at Tenby in 1878, has ranked among the foremost contemporary British artists throughout his long working life. Some two years ago he was the second living artist ever to be given a one-man exhibition at the Royal Academy. The current exhibition at the Graves Art Gallery, (Continued opposite.

Continued.] Sheffield, which continues until September 23, gives a further opportunity to see the wide range of John's work. There are some forty paintings and over a hundred drawings and prints. Outstanding among the former are the many fine portraits, while the drawings illustrate the artist's impressive powers of draughtsmanship.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



MANY years ago, a friend whose work took him much among boys remarked to me that the most charming thing about small boys was that they were half-devil, half-angel. What his opinion was about small girls I have never known. This particular comment of his may or may not be profound, but it has stayed with me over the years.

Perhaps it is that one of the elements of civilisation consists in suppressing the first of these tendencies and seeking to develop the second. If so, then the taming of animals is a civilising process but on a much smaller scale. It would also suggest that schizophrenia is a condition in which this dual nature is more sharply contrasted in the individual concerned and the transition from the one to the other is more readily made.

If I were to try to develop this theme I should soon be out of my depth. The only reason for saying this much is that it expresses somewhat the background to my thoughts about *Jason*. He has been introduced before on this page. He is the crossbred boxer we have nurtured now for four years, and of all the animals we have had during that time he is the one that has had the greatest impact on us. I often sit and contemplate that flat cranium of his, wondering what goes on inside it and trying to sort out what is the difference between human behaviour and the behaviour of animals. The only solid thing of which I am convinced is that basically there is little difference, in spite of appearances to the contrary. It is merely that the mind of an animal is set on a lower plane to ours, and that the plane gets lower and lower as we descend the animal scale.

We often say of ourselves that we are making up our mind. One can often see *Jason* doing precisely this: or if he is not doing so, then I cannot believe anything I see, for his behaviour on these occasions has everything in common with the comparable situation in human affairs. And if he is making up his mind, then it follows as a matter of simple logic that he has a mind to make up. *Jason* has been very difficult to train, but at last we have instilled in him some measure of obedience to commands. So it arrives that, almost invariably when a word of command is given, he will obey—after a brief interval of time. During that interval it is very clear, from the whole poise of the body, from the expression on his face, and other minutiae, which the eye can take in but the tongue fail to express, that he is taking a decision. Subsequent events prove this. He may obey the command, reluctantly, or he may make as if to do so, then obstinately do something else appropriate to another of the stereotyped commands, or he may rush off and follow his own bent.

We may call this taking a decision, making up his mind, or anything else we choose. The one certain thing is that we have no very clear idea of the mechanism at work in the brain which produces the ultimate result. We can but judge by the results, and the simpler the mind, as in a dog, the clearer are the results. When *Jason* takes this decision he becomes either devil or angel. That is, if he decides to disobey, not only does his behaviour differ, but the whole poise of his body and the expression on his face suggests a completely wild animal, one that has never had contact with human beings. He is, then, a completely self-contained individual, actuated solely by motives belonging to past generations of "dog." If he decides to obey, then his whole appearance is as if butter would not melt in his mouth. He behaves as if he were almost human, and there

### PORTRAIT OF A DOG.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

tends to gush from him an emotional and sentimental attachment to his human guardian which is little short of angelic.

*Jason* is not the first dog to have done this, of course, and the only purpose in setting this forth is to suggest, as I have said, that this animal's behaviour is fundamentally little different



"HIS WHOLE APPEARANCE IS AS IF BUTTER WOULD NOT MELT IN HIS MOUTH": *JASON*, DR. BURTON'S FOUR-YEAR-OLD CROSSBRED BOXER, WHOSE BEHAVIOUR—GOOD AND BAD—IS DISCUSSED ON THIS PAGE.

Photograph by Neave Parker.



"HALF-DEVIL, HALF-ANGEL": *JASON* CLEARLY INDICATES THAT HE IS READY FOR A GAME. *JASON*, WHO IS NOW FOUR, HAS BEEN A MEMBER OF DR. BURTON'S HOUSEHOLD SINCE HE WAS SIX WEEKS OLD.

Photograph by Lee Merriam Talbot.

from our own. Small boys will do much this sort of thing. And small girls will, too, although on the whole they are perhaps more angelic than devilish.

We often declare that the ability to distinguish right from wrong is a human prerogative. The pursuit of this is a moral, ethical or even theological problem. At the least, we can say that

the basic materials from which this markedly human propensity is developed are present also in some animals. To take only one example, of the many I could quote from *Jason's* conduct, will be sufficient support for this. There are occasions when he is allowed upstairs. When this is so, he bounds up the stairs, almost making the house vibrate as his weight is hurtled upwards. There are other occasions when he is forbidden to go upstairs, and his whole demeanour suggests that he is fully aware of it. If, on such occasions, one hides and watches him unobserved, everything is changed. He waits awhile, then slowly surveys the scene with ear and eye. Pretending that he is doing nothing amiss, he slowly rises on all fours, then, so very silently and gently, crouching low all the time, he ascends the stairs with the subtlety of a ghost. And, of course, when he is later discovered lying on a bed, the whole attitude of guilt is unmistakable, coupled with the slight wagging of the tail in an attempt at appeasement.

Can we say a dog pretends? *Jason* sleeps at night on his rug in the kitchen, and putting him to bed, so to speak, involves, as is usual, something of ceremony. This starts with my telling him it is time for bed, and, as a rule, he is at that moment curled up snugly in a favourite armchair. The circumstances differ little from night to night. His response, on the other hand, is rarely the same. He may obey readily the call to go into the kitchen, or he may need moral or other persuasions to send him there. Sometimes he does not hear me speak to him, so I repeat the words, more clearly. Having repeated them several times without evoking the slightest response from the sleeping dog, I go over to him and stand looking down at him. There is not the slightest reaction to my presence. To all intents he is fast asleep and deaf to the world. Then I see the extreme tip of his tail, about one inch of it, make a slight wagging movement. It is like standing over a fellow-human who is pretending to be asleep, but who finally cannot control that vestige of a smile.

It has often happened, when out walking, that *Jason* lags behind and, after a while, breaks into a gallop and charges past, striking one's knee with his flanks. I have often cursed him for a clumsy, blundering idiot. Last week I had let him free in a larchwood for exercise, and he was chasing sticks I was throwing for him. There came the moment when, calling him, I turned and simultaneously threw the stick. As he launched himself after it I saw stick and dog travelling directly towards a tree-trunk. For a brief moment I expected to see this clumsy brute crash nose-first into the tree. Instead, with a dexterity I would not have believed possible in him, he swerved at the last moment, skilfully circled the trunk and came back in one movement to take the stick.

Soon he tired of sticks and started digging. I walked on. Suddenly, he raced past me, hitting me on the knee with his flank so that momentarily I lost my balance. It felt as if my knee-cap had been displaced, and with the pain of the encounter I entertained canicidal thoughts. Now, however, remembering the larch-tree incident, I knew it was not innate clumsiness. It was fun—for the

dog. He was doing to me what he would have done in play to one of his own kind.

Of course, all these things are commonplace to those who keep a dog, yet they tell us something. In many ways a dog expresses himself differently to a human being, but basically his mind works along similar lines but on that lower plane.



# THE WORLD OF THE AIR: BRITISH AIRCRAFT IN THE NEWS, AND A NAVAL AEROBATIC TEAM.



(Left.)  
AIRCRAFT SWALLOWS  
AIRCRAFT: A PREST-  
WICK PIONEER, OF  
THE TYPE USED BY  
BRITISH FORCES IN  
MALAYA, BEING  
LOADED ON BOARD A  
GLOBEMASTER. IT  
WILL BE TESTED IN  
AMERICA FOR POS-  
SIBLE USE BY THE  
U.S. ARMY.

PREPARING FOR THE  
FARNBOROUGH AIR  
SHOW: A REMARK-  
ABLE VIEW OF THE  
TAIL UNIT OF THE  
GLOSTER JAVELIN  
ALL-WEATHER  
FIGHTER.

The Gloster Javelin all-weather fighter is one of the many aircraft taking part in the Air Display and Exhibition at Farnborough. Organised by the Society of British Aircraft Constructors, this important event began on September 3.



A REMARKABLE TEAM OF NAVAL PILOTS: THE AEROBATIC TEAM OF 890 SQUADRON (FLEET AIR ARM) IN THEIR SEA VENOM 21 AIRCRAFT. Two-and-a-half years ago 890 Squadron (Fleet Air Arm) was the first squadron to be equipped with de Havilland Sea Venom all-weather jet fighters. Since then the aerobatic team of this Squadron have performed at a number of shows.



AFTER A VISIT TO CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES: THE BRISTOL BRITANNIA WHICH RECENTLY COMPLETED A THREE-WEEK SALES TOUR IN NORTH AMERICA. On August 31 the Bristol Britannia, which has been on a successful three-week sales tour of Canada and the United States, returned to London Airport. Another Britannia began a proving flight to Johannesburg on August 29, and on September 2 it was announced that the Hunting Clan airline were negotiating the purchase of three of these aircraft.



THE BEGINNINGS OF A NEW ERA FOR SHORT-STAGE AIR SERVICES? THE FAIREY ROTODYNE, WITH BOTH WINGS AND HELICOPTER BLADES. The Fairey Rotodyne is a new type of aircraft which combines fixed wings with helicopter blades and which may revolutionise short-stage air services by its ability time to save by flying between city centres instead of between airports. It carries 40-50 passengers, or freight, and is powered by two Napier Eland 3150-h.p. gas-turbine engines.



THE INTERIOR OF THE ROTODYNE: THREE MEDIUM-SIZED CARS CAN BE CARRIED, OR BETWEEN 40 AND 50 PASSENGERS IN THE PASSENGER VERSION.



## PLAYBOYS OF THE UNDERWATER WORLD: PORPOISES; AND A SEA-HORSE.



LYING ON A MATTRESS AND COVERED WITH WET CLOTHS: PORPOISES, WHICH CAN SAFELY REMAIN OUT OF WATER FOR AN INDEFINITE PERIOD SO LONG AS THEIR SKIN IS KEPT MOIST ALL THE TIME.

THE story of the first "oceanarium" ever to be built is told in a newly-published book called "Window in the Sea," by Ralph Nading Hill (Gollancz), which is reviewed by Sir John Squire on page 396. Among the photographs which we reproduce on this and on the facing page are seven which appear in the book itself, while all show inhabitants of the Florida Oceanarium. Sir John Squire describes the porpoises (in America the name is used for what we call the Bottle-nosed Dolphin) as "the heroes and heroines of this book." Certainly the porpoises are as fascinating to read about as they must be to watch. The younger porpoises engage in childish pranks, while all delight in a remarkable variety of games, some of which are initiated by human beings, while others are invented by the porpoises themselves. *Flippy*, the world's first trained porpoise, soon learned—among other remarkable achievements—to wear a simple canvas harness and tow an aquaplane with a passenger aboard. Sometimes the passenger was a friendly little dog.

Photographs reproduced by courtesy of Gollancz, publishers of "Window in the Sea."



"MARINELAND AQUARISTS KNOW OF NO ANIMAL WITH SO STRONG A MATERNAL INSTINCT. . .": A PORPOISE WITH HER INFANT, WHICH SHE GENERALLY NURSES FOR A YEAR.



A PORPOISE TAKES A GIRL FOR A RIDE: *FLIPPY*, WEARING A SIMPLE CANVAS HARNESS, TOWS A PASSENGER ON AN AQUAPLANE.



AN ALTERNATIVE PASSENGER: A SMALL DOG CALLED *DUKE* STANDS ON THE AQUAPLANE AND IS TOWED BY *FLIPPY*. DOG AND PORPOISE BECAME GOOD FRIENDS.



GIVING "BIRTH" TO DOZENS OF TINY YOUNG: A MALE SEA-HORSE WHICH HAS A SPECIAL BROOD-POUCH.



FROM A PEACEFUL WHALE TO A MARINE NIGHTMARE: STRANGE COMPANIONS IN A FASCINATING SEA-WATER WORLD.



THE OCEANARIUM'S CARPENTER: A SAWFISH, A MEMBER OF THE RAY FAMILY, WHICH IN THE SEA FEEDS BY IMPALING FISH ON THE SHARP TEETH OF ITS SAW AND THEN EATING THEM WITH ITS UNDERSLUNG MOUTH.



CLAIMED TO BE THE ONLY WHALE TO HAVE LIVED IN CAPTIVITY: HERMAN "THE PEACEFUL PILOT WHALE THAT WOULD HAVE LOVED TO HAVE BECOME A PORPOISE, IF THEY HAD ONLY LET HIM."



LIGHTNING FAST IN THE PURSUIT OF PREY: THE SWIFT AND VORACIOUS BARRACUDA WHICH IS HELD IN FEAR BY SWIMMERS IN TROPICAL WATERS BUT IT SELDOM ATTACKS HUMANS.



A MARINE NIGHTMARE: THE VICIOUS SAND-TIGER SHARK WHICH IS ONE OF A SPECIES CONSIDERED DANGEROUS TO MAN. ITS RAPIER-LIKE TEETH CAN CUT THROUGH A LARGE FISH AT A SINGLE BITE.



(Left.) AN UGLY CUSTOMER: THE SARGASSUM FISH WHICH TAKES ITS NAME FROM THE DRIFTING WEED WHICH IS ITS HABITAT. IT CAN CAPTURE AND SWALLOW WHOLE FISH AS LARGE AS ITSELF.

(Right.) CAPABLE OF INFLECTING A PAINFUL WOUND WITH ITS SHARP SPINES: THE SCORPION-FISH, WHICH LIVES ON THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA AND IS LARGELY CARNIVOROUS.



One of the many interesting chapters in Mr. Ralph Nading Hill's book "Window in the Sea" is the one in which he tells the story of *Herman*, the pilot whale, claimed as the only whale to have lived in captivity. *Herman* became as playful as the porpoises, but some six months after his introduction to the Oceanarium things did not go well for him during the porpoises' mating season. Attacks on him by the bull porpoises increased, and ten days after a particularly ferocious battle "the peaceful pilot whale that would have loved to have become a

porpoise, if they had only let him," died. There was a good deal of speculation as to whether big fish and little fish would ever live happily together in the Oceanarium. Experience has proved that on the whole they will, and comparatively few fish eat each other—probably because they are all so well fed and cared for by the attendants. In his book Mr. Hill paints a picture of a new and fascinating world, where a large number of species live in almost completely natural conditions where they can be observed.

Photographs reproduced by courtesy of Gollancz, publishers of "Window in the Sea."



# THE STORY OF A MARINE VILLAGE AND ITS INHABITANTS.

"WINDOW IN THE SEA." By RALPH NADING HILL.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

IN my lifetime, books about the countryside have multiplied enormously. The conventional, and probably accurate, explanation is that the Englishman is a natural countryman, that he has felt oppressed by being forced into huge, ugly, urban aggregations (it was our English misfortune that the Industrial Revolution, now infecting the world, began here) and has sought refuge, in books or at week-ends, in the contemplation of open, wild countrysides, their flowers, their birds, their butterflies and their beasts, from the red deer and the badger to the harvest-mouse and the shrew.

The possibility of taking refuge in the countryside, and finding peace, is diminishing. There is a Ministry of Town and Country Planning. I must suppose that in secret ways unknown to me (it is almost a safe bet that those who run it are selfless and sensible products of Winchester and New College) they do some good. But there are a good many other Ministries in Whitehall, and, like the lower animals, they seem to multiply by fission. There is a celebrated headland near where I now live. I hadn't looked down upon the English Channel from its formidable brow since before the 1914 war, when I stood on it, hundreds of feet above the lighthouse, with Bernard Shaw, who made, regarding the ocean, some of his usual, absurd, fascinating remarks. This year I wasn't able to get to the old point-of-vantage. There were boards up prohibiting me to enter. The constructions there make it evident what is going on, and the whole thing is patently recorded in Moscow: but that corner of the coast is evidently shut off from English people. And the other night I heard a broadcast about Dartmoor, described as "The Last Wilderness." I had heard some excellent recent broadcasts by Sir Hugh Casson about what was happening to the English countryside: he traversed the country (I'm sorry I missed his Devon commentary) and recorded facts, foul or cheering—the cheering moments coming when he was, temporarily, out of sight of bungalow growths and other modern horrors. But this Dartmoor excursion, made by a coach-load of Cockneys, with a woman or a child addressing silly questions to the driver and a pair of commentators, gave me no information as to what recent developments there had been in that lonely place on the outskirts of which my early days were spent. The enormous new television mast on Hessary Tor was barely mentioned, but I knew about that already. The Hound of the Baskervilles was more conspicuous, and bloodhounds chasing an escaped convict, while intermittently a voice like the fat boy's in *Pickwick* informed us that the mist was swirling round and round, and that the treacherous green-faced bogs lurked vigilantly, waiting to suck in and swallow hapless ponies and men. There came back to my mind the last stanzas of "Widdicombe Fair," wherein "All the night long there be skirling and groans, From Tom Pearse's old mare and her rattelin' bones," and I thought that if Edgar Allan Poe, under the influence of drink or drugs, had been asked to give his impressions of Dartmoor, he couldn't have done it with a creepier effect—that is, upon those who don't know the Moor.

So, for the moment, in the absence of information, I must assume that the Moor is still a Wilderness, without guided-missile ranges or council houses: though I fear that, whatever has happened, that very broadcast may have led the sort of people in Whitehall who spent so much of our money on trying to grow ground-nuts (alias peanuts or monkey-nuts) in East Africa and chickens in Gambia to leap to their feet, brandish their fists in the faces of their patient, or merely amused, wives, and exclaim: "This will never do! The land is utterly waste! We must level those obstructive tors and drain those useless bogs! We shall then be able to find room for a satellite town which can take the overspill from the swelling 'neighbourhood-units' of Moretonhampstead, Bovey Tracey and Okehampton!"

Belloc wrote, long ago, a volume of essays called "Hills and the Sea." Those were the two places in which solitude and peace could be found.

The hills dearest to him were the South Downs in Sussex:

And along the sky the line of the Downs  
So noble and so bare.

To-day mile after mile of those lovely Downs have been ploughed to their summits, the sheep diminishing and the poisoned rabbits gone. Automatically, it appears, the attention of the dreaming Englishman has returned to the sea: not so much as a surface across which to explore and adventure, but more as a refuge from pressure. Especially the depths of the sea.

During the last few years the number of books about the Sea and its inhabitants has enormously multiplied—one of the most imaginative and informative of them being Miss Phyllis Carson's book, "The Sea Around Us." "There is far more sea than land," as that excellent American



ONE OF THOSE, HAPPILY, OCCASIONAL INCIDENTS WHICH CANNOT BE ENTIRELY GUARDED AGAINST: AN UNGAINLY GROUPEE SWALLOWING A PRIZED STING-RAY AT A GULP.

Illustrations reproduced from "Window in the Sea"; by courtesy of the Publisher, Gollancz.



IN THE OCEANARIUM: A MORAY EEL WHICH SELDOM LEAVES ITS LAIR AMONG INTERSTICES OF ROCK FORMATION.

poet, Nicholas Vachel Lindsay, who was a dear friend of mine, remarked: and still there are gulfs of the sea to be explored and "new" inhabitants of the sea to be encountered. It was only a few years ago that the first coelacanth was netted off the south-east coast of Africa: to-day every museum in the world seems to be clamouring for one of his corpses or skeletons—because he was supposed to be extinct a hundred million years ago. "Science" may exterminate him, as in recent centuries, ignorant sailors, who thought that anything alive was merely something to eat, clubbed out of existence the flightless dodo and the flightless great auk. There are times when, contemplating the fauna of the world, I think there is involved a chase between the lovers of animals, who are aware of our kinship with them or are merely interested in their beauty; and the scientists who are interested merely in their bones. However, except for such very local species as the coelacanth, it is no easy matter completely to exterminate a breed of fish. With sea-mammals it is a different matter. They have to come to the surface to breathe and some of them to the

shore to breed: some of them are "worth money" for their oil and some for their pelts. More than one species of whale has been obliterated in recent times, all the seal tribes live under a perpetual menace, and the sea-otter was just saved from obliteration by last-minute American protection. Even of these we still have much to learn; but of "his wonders in the deep" which are not mammals, discoveries are now being made every year, and new kinds are constantly coming to light.

Captain Cousteau—who, diving deep with his aqualung, punched an inquisitive shark on the nose and, if he didn't achieve a knock-out, certainly won a victory on points—will doubtless have many followers who will go deeper and deeper with better and better movie cameras. Dr. Beebe, with his bathysphere, from which he has photographed fishes in dark depths to which no one before him ever penetrated, is but a pioneer, though an inspiring one. In this book a new sort of means of discovery is recorded. With aquaria we have long been familiar. There is one at the Zoo where you can see exquisite tropical fish looking like Old School Ties. There is one at Brighton where (I believe, but I'm not quite sure) they had, for a time, the only herring in captivity—the herring being sensitive about losing its scales. There is one at Plymouth which will show you octopuses jetting themselves backwards, and congers, and perhaps dog-fishes, poking their noses out of drain-pipes: a main side-line of this institution being, I think, the supply of great quantities of star-fish and such beasts to medical schools for dissection. More imposing aquaria I have seen in Monte Carlo, Naples and New York—and I have skimmed but a small portion of the globe. But this book describes a new kind of aquarium.

It may be called "new" not by virtue of its nature, but because of its size, which has led its proud founders to label it with the horrible hybrid name of "oceanarium." A group of American zoologists, backed by a few rich men with a passion for wild life, or knowledge, or both, have, over a period of twenty years, started, developed and completed, on the coast of Florida,

immense tanks through which hundreds of thousands of gallons of sea-water are daily pumped, which have windows at the sides through which watchers can see what goes on under water and even a sort of stadium in which spectators can sit and watch the monsters of the deep disporting themselves from above. Big fish and little fish, singletons and shoals, are all mixed up together—it is found that even the sharks do not, as a rule, gobble the little fish, because they are provided with regular meals (fish, of course) by their human keepers. I simply can't describe the amount of detailed information in this book, all enthusiastically, but not gushingly, conveyed.

Somebody told me a year or two ago (I haven't asked the Japanese Embassy for confirmation, or otherwise) that in Japan a sort of Mulberry Harbour Aquarium has been built in the sea, which houses a tame cachalot. That's as may be. The Florida Oceanarium hasn't got that far yet. It longs to accommodate a Blue Whale, but the Blue Whale grows to a length of 100 ft., and likes room to move in. Meanwhile, it made shift with a small pilot-whale, which had to get on with its neighbours: Mr. Hill's descriptions of the way in which intruders are greeted, and ultimately accommodated, possibly finding friends, in this marine village, are amongst the most amusing and touching passages in his book.

The sharks leave me cold. So far as I am concerned, anybody can have sharks. I am a mammal, and I stick by my clan. The heroes and heroines of this book are the porpoises. They are as intelligent as dogs and, treated properly, as friendly and adaptable. The Florida porpoises' motto seems to be "Anything a seal can do, I can do, and like it." There are descriptions here of porpoises playing skilful basket-ball with evident joy (no cruelty, which never works with animals, in the training), and there is even a picture of a porpoise leaping gleefully, feet out of the water, through a paper hoop.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 402 of this issue.

\* "Window in the Sea." By Ralph Nading Hill. Illustrated. (Victor Gollancz; 18s.)



# COMMEMORATING A GREAT GENIUS OF DANCING: PORTRAITS AND STUDIES OF PAVLOVA.



PAVLOVA IN COSTUME FOR "ORPHEUS," 1917: ONE OF THE MANY FINE PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE COMMEMORATIVE EXHIBITION AT THE LONDON MUSEUM, KENSINGTON PALACE.



PAVLOVA IN THE COSTUME FOR "THE DYING SWAN": PAINTED IN 1911 BY SIR JOHN LAVERY, R.A. (Lent by the Tate Gallery.)



THE GREAT RUSSIAN DANCER AS OUR READERS SAW HER IN 1911: A PORTRAIT OF PAVLOVA SPECIALLY PAINTED BY SIR JOHN LAVERY, R.A., FOR THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, AND REPRODUCED IN COLOUR IN OUR ISSUE OF APRIL 22, 1911.



"PAVLOVA IN 'AMARILLA'": A STRIKING DRAWING BY J. PAGET-FREDERICKS. (Lent by the Constance Paget-Fredericks Memorial Collection.)



"PAVLOVA, 1922," A SENSITIVE PORTRAIT BY SAVERY SORINE. (Lent by the Musée d'Art Moderne, Paris.)



A PHOTOGRAPH OF PAVLOVA AT A REHEARSAL IN 1928, WHEN SHE TOURED IN SOUTH AMERICA. SHE IS WEARING A FAVOURITE SHAWL.

ANNA PAVLOVA died at The Hague on January 23, 1931. To commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of her death an international loan exhibition has been organised by the London Museum in association with the Anna Pavlova Commemoration Committee. This commemorative exhibition may be seen at Kensington Palace until December 31. It gives a full outline of Pavlova's momentous career as the supreme classical danseuse of her time. Among the exhibits are ten costumes worn by Pavlova which greatly add to the effect of the many fine action drawings and stage and costume designs which are another feature of this interesting exhibition.

(Right.) PAVLOVA DANCING IN "THE DYING SWAN" IN 1928. HER COSTUME, WHICH IS DISPLAYED AT THE EXHIBITION, HAD BEEN DESIGNED BY LEON BAKST.





# THIS STRANGE WORLD: SOME UNUSUAL NEWS ITEMS RECORDED BY THE CAMERA.



TO PERSUADE MOTORISTS TO DRIVE SLOWLY THROUGH LANCASTER: AN UNUSUAL SIGN, SURMOUNTED BY THE FIGURE OF A POLICEMAN, ERECTED BY THE SIDE OF THE MAIN A.6 PRESTON TO LANCASTER ROAD.



AUSTRIA'S FIRST "UNDERWATER RESTAURANT": PATRONS HAVING A MEAL IN A RESTAURANT NEAR INNSBRUCK FROM WHICH THEY CAN WATCH THE ANTICS OF BATHING BEAUTIES IN THE ADJOINING OPEN-AIR POOL.



BEING PULLED ABOARD AN AIRCRAFT: THE FUSELAGE OF A SNARK, THE U.S.A.F.'S INTER-CONTINENTAL MISSILE. Transporting the 74-ft.-long fuselage of a Snark, the U.S.A.F.'s inter-continental guided missile, from factory to launching site presented some unusual problems. This photograph shows it being pulled aboard a Douglas C.124 Globemaster transport aircraft with the aid of a cable attached to an external truck-mounted winch. The Snark is designed to deliver a nuclear warhead over inter-continental distances.



CRASH HELMETS FOR FLAT-RACE JOCKEYS: THE LIGHTWEIGHT SHELL OF COTTON AND SHELLAC WHICH HAS NOW BECOME COMPULSORY WEAR. This year's St. Leger, which the Queen is to watch on Sept. 12, will be the first classic in which the jockeys will be wearing the new crash helmet, which becomes compulsory wear on Sept. 10 for all flat-race jockeys. It is made of cotton and shellac and is being made in two weights, 5 ozs. and 7 ozs., by a Bond Street firm.



THE JOCKEY'S CRASH HELMET, AS IT WILL BE WHEN WORN UNDER THE SILK CAP. IN ITS LIGHTEST FORM IT WEIGHS 5 OZS.



SILENCERS FOR JET ENGINES: A VIEW OF REPUBLICAN AVIATION'S TESTING GROUND IN AMERICA, WITH THREE THUNDERSTREAKS BACKED INTO THE SILENCING CHAMBERS. THEY ARE SAID TO BE SO EFFECTIVE THAT NORMAL CONVERSATION IS POSSIBLE NEARBY.



DEMONSTRATED AT ZANDVOORT, IN HOLLAND: A NEW "FLOATING STRETCHER" DESIGNED FOR TRANSFERRING PATIENTS DURING BAD WEATHER. IF THE HOSPITAL SHIP CAN NOT GET ALONGSIDE THE OTHER VESSEL THE PATIENT IS PLACED IN THE STRETCHER AND THEN HOISTED ABOARD.



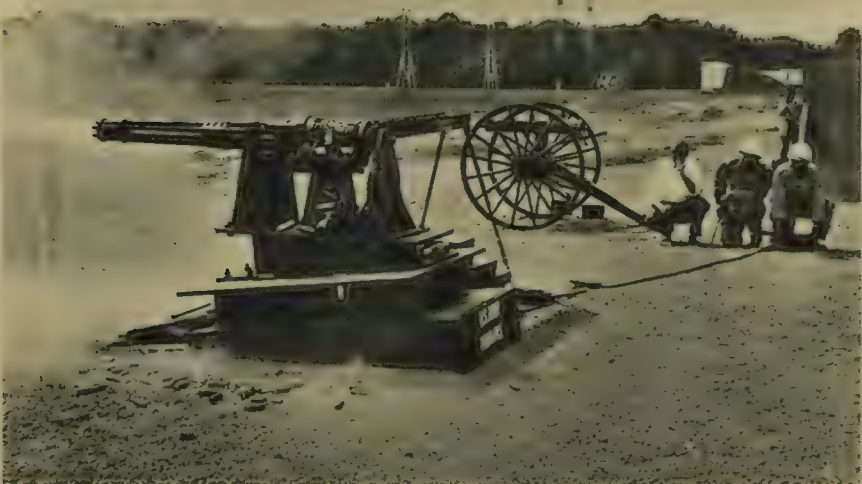
# HERE AND THERE: TWO GREAT CRICKETERS; A U.S. CANNON; AND MATTERS MARITIME.



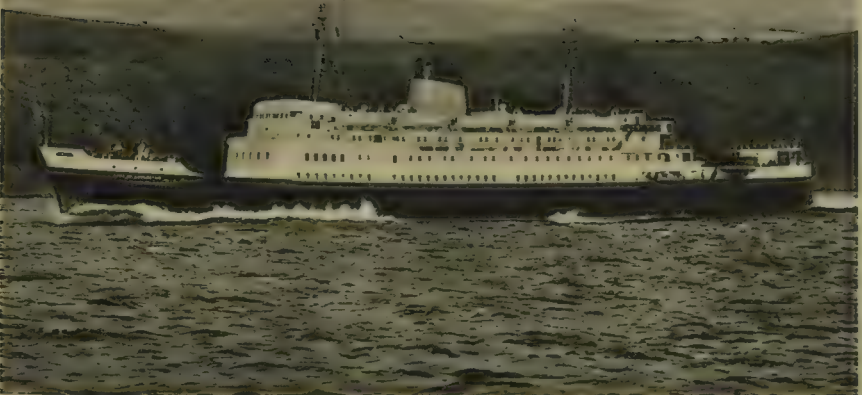
AFTER MAKING HIS LAST APPEARANCE IN A TEST MATCH IN THIS COUNTRY: KEITH MILLER, THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN CRICKETER (RIGHT), RECEIVING AN OVATION AT THE END OF THE FIFTH AND FINAL TEST MATCH AT THE OVAL.



AT THE OVAL: J. LAKER, THE SURREY AND ENGLAND BOWLER, RECEIVING A SILVER SALVER FROM LORD ALEXANDER OF TUNIS, PRESIDENT OF THE M.C.C. There were prolonged cheers at the Oval on August 28, the day of the final Test match between England and Australia, when J. Laker walked on to the pitch to receive a silver salver from Lord Alexander of Tunis. The salver commemorated his bowling achievement in the Test match at Old Trafford when he took nineteen wickets for ninety runs.



SAID TO BE CAPABLE OF FIRING MORE THAN 9000 ROUNDS A MINUTE: A SIX-BARRELLED 20-MM. MACHINE CANNON BEING TESTED IN THE U.S. The U.S. Defence Department recently announced the existence of a six-barrelled 20-mm. machine cannon said to be capable of firing more than 9000 rounds a minute. The cannon, designed for use in supersonic aircraft, is seen here at the U.S. Army's Aberdeen proving ground. In the background is a Gatling gun from which it was developed.



THE BRITISH TRANSPORT COMMISSION'S NEWEST FERRY: *THE DUKE OF LANCASTER* (5075 GROSS TONS) WHICH RECENTLY MADE HER MAIDEN VOYAGE. The British Transport Commission's newest ferry, the *Duke of Lancaster*, made her maiden voyage from Heysham to Belfast on August 24. She is the first of three similar ships (the other two are expected in service later this year) which are ushering in a new standard of comfort on the sea route between Britain and Northern Ireland.



PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A TOWER CRANE: THE LAUNCHING OF H.M. TUG *DEXTEROUS*, THE SECOND OF SEVEN NEW DIESEL-ELECTRIC PADDLE TUGS. H.M. Tug *Dexterous*, second of seven new diesel-electric paddle tugs ordered by the Admiralty, was launched on August 21 from the yard of Messrs. Yarrow and Co. Ltd., Scotstoun, Glasgow. To enable the tugs to operate under the overhanging sides of aircraft-carriers hinged masts are fitted.



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## UNDER AND ABOVE.

By J. C. TREWIN.

MILK WOOD can hardly rank, I suppose, with *Broceliande* and *Sherwood and Arden*. It is what the Rev. Eli Jenkins, in his daily aubade, calls "a tiny dingle," and what the Onlooker (who blends, in stage production, Dylan Thomas's First and Second Voices) calls, more potently, "the hunched courtiers'-and-rabbits' wood limping invisible down to the sloe-black, slow, black, crowblack, fishingboat-bobbing sea." Our concern is with the little Welsh town under Milk Wood, visited during the twenty-four hours between one midnight and the next.

Some feel that Dylan Thomas's work, conceived as "a play for voices," has no right to be the success it is in the theatre. But, surely, any work for the stage should be a play for voices, though too many dramatists seek to distract us. Dylan Thomas, as Fry and O'Casey do, lets us hear in the theatre: this is not the kind of dialogue that stuffs our ears with cotton-wool. Because of its richness, its sensuous handling of words, we welcome "Under Milk Wood" and its sixty-seven people: Dylan Thomas, as prolific in character as in phrase, wrote straight on, never pausing to ask what a manager might think of his creative enthusiasm. (And why should he?) I have heard the play several times. Even if some of the characters, as they were represented at Edinburgh and as London will meet them within a fortnight, were not visually the people of my imagination, this never interfered for a moment with my appreciation of Dylan Thomas's language.

It did not do so when I saw a students' company in the play at a R.A.D.A. matinee last year. (I wrote of it at the time in *The Illustrated London News*.) Now Edward Burnham, the producer at that matinee, and Douglas Cleverdon, who put "Under Milk Wood" on the air, and who has known it since the manuscript left Dylan Thomas's hand, have combined in this more elaborate stage version. The little town is before us on the stage. Michael Trangmar, the designer, is probably the man who first put a quart in a pint-pot. I hardly know what a Town Planning Committee would say to him, but here, anyway, for stage purposes, is a most workable multiple set, nothing omitted, from the boat *Zanzibar* (which at the Lyceum, Edinburgh, was in the orchestra pit) to Mr. and Mrs. Utah Watkins, high above in Salt Lake Farm.

At first there may be a feeling of restlessness. It does not last. Suddenly we are absorbed into the life of the town. It flows around us. The progress between midnight and midnight is unbroken—except, unluckily, by an interval. I am sorry about that interval. No doubt the bars demand it. But it does stop the river in full flow. When the house-lights are out again, and the curtain is up, there has to be a struggle to regain atmosphere. I have rarely regretted an interval more, though Mr. Cleverdon and Mr. Burnham have done the best possible thing, in the circumstances, by fading out the first act on the line, "The morning is all singing."

All-singing: a word for the play. It never ceases to sing in the heart and mind. Dylan Thomas's sense of humour could be as elementary as that of Shakespeare's *Launce*. But nobody should fuss about this. The play, as a whole, has the warmth of a peach-laden southern wall. It is comic, wistful, touching, grandly Welsh. One comes from it, remembering snatch after snatch: at random, such things as "The anthracite statues of the horses sleep in the fields," or "Night, dumbly, royally, winding"—these are in the Onlooker's first speech—or "The spring morning larked and crowed and belling," or the Rev. Eli Jenkins's "Small is our River Dewi, Lord, a baby on

a rushy bed," or Polly Garter's song of Little Willy Wee, or blind Captain Cat recalling his Rosie, or Mr. Pugh's moustache "worn thick and long in memory of Doctor Crippen," or the "goat-and-daisy

dingles," or the piercing phrase that Donald Houston transferred to Dylan Thomas himself in a first-night speech: "Six feet deep that name sings in the cold earth."

It may not be, dramatically, a play; it is a shining journey through a little world in spring: it is true, comic, affectionate, and I can say here simply that Mr. Cleverdon and Mr. Burnham have made of it a rare experience. Donald Houston speaks the Onlooker with compelling quiet: it would be wrong to force these speeches. William Squire's blind Captain seizes the imagination, and Diana Maddox, as she did on radio, will sing to us long after we have left the theatre. "Under Milk Wood," for many of us, has been the glory of the tenth Edinburgh Festival. We shall see very soon how it takes London. I look forward to another stay in the town which, according to the Voice of a Guide-Book (here I do miss Emllyn Williams's prim precision from the Old Vic reading) "may be called 'a backwater of life' without disrespect to its natives who possess, to this day, a salty individuality of their own."

On the night after "Milk Wood" I met the late James Bridie's last play, "The Baikie Charivari," a piece that, however baffling at first impact, does settle in the memory. I had better revert to it next week when I shall have seen again, in London, Bridie's earlier "Mr. Bolfry," also devil-haunted.

Meanwhile, thanks to the performances of the Berliner Ensemble at the Palace, a lesser dramatist than Bridie is the talk of playgoing London. This is the late Bertolt Brecht, author of "Mother Courage and Her Children" and director of the East Berlin players. He had long been a coterie hero: admirers all "brung their trumpets," as the conscript at Her Majesty's says in effect.

The doctrinal play drags and sprawls across a decade of the Thirty Years' War. *Mother Courage* is the eternal camp-follower. The author says: "Like her friends, her customers, and nearly everyone else, she recognises the war's purely commercial nature; and there for her lies its attraction. She believes in the war up to the last. It never occurs to her that in a war one needs outsize scissors to get one's cut." The long chronicle is relieved by a few sharp theatrical effects—thus the shooting of the dumb girl on the roof might have come from Boucicault melodrama. I confess that I thought far less about the thesis than about the extraordinary performances of Helene Weigel and (as her dumb daughter) Angelika Hurwicz. When the play and its tiresome smoke-screen of theory are forgotten, these two figures will linger, as human beings and not as symbols. And I hardly think that is what Brecht intended.

There is another kind of Army life in "No Time for Sergeants" (Her Majesty's). Here, in the American comedy by Ira Levin—from a novel by Mac Hyman—we have in a backwoods boy from Georgia a kind of American Schweik. Once he is a conscript he enjoys everything and believes everyone: he has a habit of taking things literally that is the despair of all, and his own salvation. Barry Nelson plays him delightfully (it is worth going to Her Majesty's to see the slow smile on "Somebody's brung their trumpet" as he hears a bugle-call). The play itself, amiable slap-bang, is certainly generous: there are thirty-eight characters in it—after this we shall be even more dispirited by the two-character play—and the action "takes place in and above the United States of America." Why above? Because there is a long scene in an aircraft that needs only the presence of the late Harry Tate.



"I CONFESS THAT I THOUGHT FAR LESS ABOUT THE THESIS THAN ABOUT THE EXTRAORDINARY PERFORMANCES OF HELENE WEIGEL AND ANGELIKA HURWICZ": "MOTHER COURAGE AND HER CHILDREN" (PALACE), SHOWING HELENE WEIGEL AS MOTHER COURAGE IN THE LATE BERTOLT BRECHT'S PLAY PRESENTED BY THE BERLINER ENSEMBLE.



"THE LITTLE TOWN IS BEFORE US ON THE STAGE. MICHAEL TRANGMAR, THE DESIGNER, IS PROBABLY THE MAN WHO FIRST PUT A QUART IN A PINT-POT": "UNDER MILK WOOD" (ROYAL LYCEUM, EDINBURGH), SHOWING A SCENE FROM DYLAN THOMAS'S "PLAY FOR VOICES," NOW TRANSFERRED TO THE STAGE.

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"UNDER MILK WOOD" (Royal Lyceum, Edinburgh).—Dylan Thomas's revelling "play for voices" is transferred, easily and resourcefully, to the stage. The production discussed on this page—it is by Douglas Cleverdon and Edward Burnham—reaches London during the third week in September. (August 21.)

"THE BAIKIE CHARIVARI" (Edinburgh University Theatre).—James Bridie's last play is as cheerfully capricious as its title: the scene is a Clyde-side town, and one has to know something about Punch and something about Pontius Pilate, not to mention Bridie's old friend, the Devil. (August 22.)

"NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS" (Her Majesty's).—An American military farce, single-minded and boisterous, with a dominating performance by Barry Nelson as a conscript from the Georgian backwoods. (August 23.)

"MOTHER COURAGE AND HER CHILDREN" (Palace).—This (its scene is the Thirty Years' War) is a thesis play; the dramatist (the late Bertolt Brecht) has a message; he asks us to listen to it with detachment. In fact, many will ignore the theories and salute fine acting (by Helene Weigel and Angelika Hurwicz) that transforms an indifferent play. We are glad to greet the Berliner Ensemble for its quality as a team of artists. (August 27.)



# Shell Nature Studies 21 BIRDS' EGGS

PAINTED BY TRISTRAM HILLIER



Kindness, common sense and the law between them have checked the old life-destroying hobby of collecting wild birds' eggs, delightful objects as they are. Here are some eggs that may, and some that decidedly may *not*, be taken, according to the Protection of Birds Act, 1954, 2 and 3. Eliz. 2 Ch. 30, and the Eggs of Common Birds Order, 1955.

Only a kind heart, and not the law of the land, forbids taking eggs of the MOORHEN (1) and the COOT (2); of SONG-THRUSH (3) and BLACKBIRD (4) and MISSEL-THRUSH (5); the charming sky-blue eggs of the HEDGE-SPARROW (6) or the eggs of CHAFFINCH (7), ROBIN (8) or HOUSE-SPARROW (9).

But woe-betide you, legally, if you take the olive eggs of the NIGHTINGALE (10), the streaked eggs of the CIRC BUNTING (11), a NIGHTJAR's egg (12), or the eggs of those now uncommon birds, the QUAIL (13), who cries "wet-my-lips", or the CORNCRAKE (14), who crakes and scrapes away in the summer hay.

Included in the painting are WOOD-PIGEON's feathers (15, 16) and the wing of a JAY (17).



You can be sure of



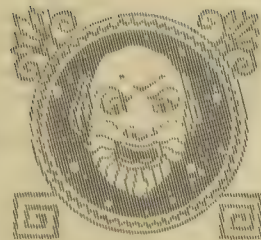
*The Key to the Countryside*

Shell's monthly "Nature Studies: Birds and Beasts", which gave so many people pleasure last year, is being published in book form by Phoenix House Limited at 7s. The Shell Guide to "Flowers of the Countryside" is still available at 7/- On sale at booksellers.









# THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

## PREVIEWING IN EDINBURGH.

By ALAN DENT.

SO far as films go there seems to be a slightly different policy in the Edinburgh Festival this year. There is the usual cloud of more or less short documentaries, many of which vanish like Herrick's daffodils, "or as the pearls of morning's dew, ne'er to be found again." But there is also a more pronounced tendency to exhibit the best full-length films of the year, whether London has already shown and approved them or still has them in store.

London, for example, still has to see such a long-awaited American musical comedy, "The King and I." In the theatre this gave me a quite unusual pleasure—far greater than that I had in such things as "Brigadoon" and "South Pacific." In the cinema it is again eminently enjoyable, though it is perhaps half-an-hour too long for my personal taste.

Since I seem to have reached the personal note even more quickly than usual, let me harp upon it a little more and say that, though notoriously one of the most contented of critics, I would just as soon—at least from the worldly point of view—be the author of the novel called "Anna and the King of Siam." For this, you know, was converted into a successful film (with Rex Harrison as the King). This film took the fancy of the celebrated Rodgers-Hammerstein team who promptly turned it into a gorgeous "musical" which entranced both New York and London for years on end. And now at last we have a new film made out of the musical play. Can remuneration for a novel go further than this? I doubt it.

Both in time and place it is so piquant a piece. A little governess, a widow with a young son, sails from England in Victorian times to look after the children of the King of Siam. These pupils turn out to be charming but practically innumerable, since the King, a potentate at once ferocious and mild, has almost as much difficulty in counting his wives as in counting his children. The scene in which these children arrive one by one in slow procession to meet their new governess from England is as enchanting a thing as I have ever seen in any musical comedy. Everything rather leads up to it, just as everything inclines to fall away from it. It was so on Broadway and

The Siamese splendour of this item—indeed, of the whole film—is overwhelming.

It is good to see again Yul Brynner in the part of the King which he played in the Broadway production. He takes to the film, which is a new medium for him, as a Siamese duck takes to

### OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



YUL BRYNNER AS THE KING IN THE 20TH CENTURY-FOX CINEMASCOPE PRODUCTION OF RODGERS AND HAMMERSTEIN'S FAMOUS MUSICAL, "THE KING AND I," AT THE EDINBURGH FILM FESTIVAL.

In making his choice of the fortnight, at the Edinburgh Film Festival, Alan Dent writes: "Yul Brynner, who played the King in 'The King and I' on Broadway, now plays it again in the opulent and delightful film made out of the musical play. Bald as a Siamese coot, snarling and yet amiable, tough and yet graceful, cruel and yet considerate, Mr. Brynner scares all children and wins all hearts. He has helped in the completion of his triumph by a fine baritone voice and an almost formidable assurance and technique."

water. Perhaps Deborah Kerr as the governess is just a shade over-genteel. But she is at least better and more tunable than her New York counterpart, though it is fair to say that I saw the show there after the lamentable death of Gertrude Lawrence, who created the part. Brynner's success with a Sunday-evening Edinburgh audience—by no means the easiest audience in the world to subdue—was immediate and electrifying. His handsome ferocity, his wide stance, his shaven head, his semi-Oriental and bizarre good looks are said to have set a new fashion in male allurements. It is plain, even to the male, that he has "something."

There have also been some revivals, though a certain lack of ingenuity

has been shown in the choice of these. Surely this year of all years would have been the occasion to revive "Rembrandt" in memory not only of the great painter but also of Sir Alexander Korda.

Less seriously, and because the Festival has been distinctly short of comedy, either intentionally or unintentionally, there might have been a revival of that film whose title escapes me but which showed Mme. Schumann (interpreted by Katherine Hepburn) playing her husband's Piano

Concerto to the young unbearded Brahms (interpreted by Robert Young) whenever he was not giving her devoted help in her domestic duties. This devotion, as I remember, went as far as washing-up the supper dishes and bathing the Schumann babies. It was all a very strange affair, which it would have given many people much innocent pleasure to see again.

Instead we were offered "Pygmalion"—and eagerly accepted it—as a means of celebrating the Rank Organisation's majority. This Shaw film wears beautifully, and it is sad to know that so few copies of it remain that it is now to be put away in storage. A few selections from other Rank films were shown as a prelude to "Pygmalion." The farcical ones were direly dated, but the excerpt from "The Importance of Being Earnest" made us long to see that film again, for it won the loudest laughter I have heard anywhere in this Festival.

Out of a host of documentaries I have somewhat otiosely sat through at Edinburgh I should particularly single out for commendation "The Last Cannibals," "Trooping the Colour," and "The Land of Robert Burns." The first, made by the Danish explorer, Jens Bjerre, is a sinister and horrifying account of a journey through New Guinea in search of the last authenticated cannibals. It finds them, and we come out of the cinema almost (you might say) half-consumed with alarm. It seems that when the Kuku-kuku tribe captures an enemy from the next valley, his legs are at once broken to prevent his escaping, and that he is then dragged to the main village where he is decorated with green leaves and informed that he is about to be eaten. Mr. Bjerre could not, of course, show us this actual killing before cooking. But he tells us convincingly about it, and he shows us some other things that are hardly less horrible.

After this it was a relief to see the famous "Trooping the Colour" filmed at last though in far too short a version (one lasting a bare ten minutes). No nation in the world can play at tin-soldiers so superbly. It was an even greater relief to see the hills and farmsteads of my native Ayrshire filmed in beautiful colour in "The Land



"JUST A SHADE TOO LONG": "THE LITTLE HOUSE OF UNCLE THOMAS"—A BALLET OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" TRANSLATED INTO SIAMESE-ENGLISH AND "PERFORMED FOR THE DELECTATION OF AN AMBASSADOR FROM ENGLAND": A SPECTACULAR SCENE FROM "THE KING AND I," THE FILM OF THE FAMOUS RODGERS AND HAMMERSTEIN'S MUSICAL, WHICH HAS BEEN SHOWN AT EDINBURGH.

at Drury Lane, and it is so again in the film.

The later scene—a ballet of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" translated into Siamese-English as "The Little House of Uncle Thomas" and performed for the delectation of an Ambassador from England—is just a shade too long, and seems even longer in the film. But this is not really a complaint. It is like the second helping of a delicious sweet at the end of a well-planned meal. We have only ourselves to blame if we cannot decline it.



"OUT OF A HOST OF DOCUMENTARIES . . . I SHOULD PARTICULARLY SINGLE OUT FOR COMMENDATION 'THE LAST CANNIBALS': A CHARMING SHOT OF A KUKU-KUKU GIRL FROM THIS INTERESTING FILM, MADE BY THE DANISH EXPLORER, JENS BJERRE.

of Robert Burns." My heart stood still when I saw the island of Arran, with Goat Fell dominating it, as seen from one of the farms where Burns spent his young manhood. One of the many mysteries about Burns is that nowhere in either his poems or his letters does he mention this handsome island which he saw so often that he took it absolutely for granted, like the sky over his endearing, intensely human, and intensely over-praised head.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THIS is an American week, and two of its novels are very similarly endowed with the charms least characteristic (to our judgment) of American fiction: both are warm, genial, ultra-enjoyable, with a kind of lavish cosiness. Yet, stranger still, one of them is all about politics. "The Last Hurrah," by Edwin O'Connor (Reinhardt; 18s.), describes Frank Skeffington's last campaign for mayor, when he is seventy-two and has been bossing the city for more than half a lifetime. There is no party angle. In this city, the Republicans are non-starters; the Irish Catholics, that "boisterous, crafty and despised breed of latter-day Goths," long ago sacked it overnight, and the spoil is still theirs. One day they will be swamped by the Italian invasion; but meanwhile, the anti-Skeffington candidate will have to be another Irish Catholic Democrat. And he will have to be insignificant. The anti-Skeffington factions have only nobodies to put up; the question is whether they can get behind the same one, and stick each other for the duration.

A few are against Skeffington on principle—as an unabashed rogue, muddler, *farceur*, captain of condottieri, and epitome of the bad old world. For he is all that. But he is also "the softest touch in the city"—no less generous with his plunder than with public funds. He is a superb strategist and ironist, and has "a marvellous way with all kinds of people." He is adored by his tribe. While some of his "white" opponents are meaner than Scrooge and hard as the nether millstone; their zeal for pure government is humbug, and their candidate is a sump.

So one can prefer Skeffington with a good conscience: especially as times have changed, and the political Robin Hood and his community are on the way out. Here, like Skeffington's uninvolved and rather suspicious nephew, we are getting a last look at them. And the valedictory is great fun—a feast of patter, anecdote and character-acting. Even the sump-candidate provides a ludicrous television-scene, with even funnier annotations. But the old gang are the stars: not only Skeffington, with his flow of brilliantly-conscious entertainment, but the octogenarian, malignly senile newspaper magnate, the jaunty little ex-hatchet man, and—perhaps funniest—that distorted Skeffington, Charlie Hennessey, who has a monomania about everything, and "a crack right down the middle." There were giants in those days. . . . The presentation abounds in sentiment, and would be pathetic if the humour gave it a chance.

## OTHER FICTION.

"Up Home," by Ardyth Kennelly (Gollancz; 15s.), has almost the same virtues. Those who read "The Peaceable Kingdom" need only be told this is a sequel to it; others can start here without missing anything, except half the enjoyment. For their benefit I must explain that the Peaceable Kingdom is Joseph Smith's, and the heroine, Linnea Ecklund, is "in polygamy." Sigrid, the original wife, is much prettier; but the outgoing, warm-hearted Linnea is the well-beloved. Though poor Olaf has always bent over backwards trying to be fair—and always, sooner or later, has had Linnea going up in flames, or Sigrid crying for three days and nights, at some breach of equipoise. By now plural marriage is abolished, but not retrospectively. Olaf is still trudging between "down home" (where Sigrid lives with her brood) and "up home" (where Linnea lives with her brood). The vital charm is "up home" itself: the tale of family life with its realistically appealing children and its qualities of humour, expansiveness and warmth.

"A Tale for Midnight," by Frederic Prokosch (Secker and Warburg; 15s.), is also American, and for that matter about family life. Thomas Mann wrote of it: "I cannot conceive of a more memorable treatment of the Cenci theme." Perhaps he had never read "The Cenci"; on the other hand, he may well have preferred this rendering, which is extremely different, wonderfully debased and very long-drawn. For really the action is not much: only a clumsy domestic murder, followed belatedly by the arrest, torture and execution of all concerned. Which adds up to surprisingly little, when the criminals are all zombies. Here it is spun out with embroidery: whole episodes, as well as incessant touches, of Italian-Gothic *décor*. And all this is deliberate—both the tainted richness, and the zombie effect. It is a question of what you like.

"The Mary Deare," by Hammond Innes (Collins; 12s. 6d.), is an adventure yarn about a near-Marie Celeste—a seemingly abandoned cargo-steamer, going full ahead in Channel darkness and fog. The narrator scrambles aboard and can't get off again. Thus he is a witness, indeed an accessory, when Captain Patch, the one man left in the ship, piles her on a reef and pretends she sank in deep water. Which seems just stupid—but there is a nasty little circumstance at the back of it. Otherwise, Patch is the standard hero-with-a-wounded name; but in the nightmare voyage from Rangoon, the Formal Enquiry and the last race for the wreck, the author rises from peak to peak of inventive energy. And the love-interest is squeezed into an extreme corner.

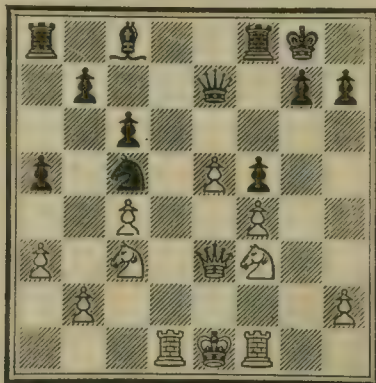
## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

HOW the years go by! Another British Championship is in progress. Here is a lively draw from Round 2:

## IRREGULAR FRENCH DEFENCE.

White D. G. HORSEMAN	Black W. HEI- DENFELD	White D. G. HORSEMAN	Black W. HEI- DENFELD
1. P-Q4	2. P-K3	1. P-Q3	
2. P-Q4 is almost invariably played here. This move was first tried out, I believe, by H. E. G. Courtney, though he would probably disclaim complete priority. The idea is to keep the option of "modulating" into various other openings as desired, the quaintest, perhaps, being a follow-up with P-KKt3, B-Kt2, Kt-KB3, Castles, QKt-Q2, P-QB3, when White has transposed round to—of all things—a set-up typical of Black's in the King's Indian Defence.			
2. . . . . P-Q4	4. P-KB4	P×P	
3. Kt-Q2	Kt-Q2		
This wrests the game right away from any King's Indian Defence Reversed. It does not seem good to concede White such a powerful pawn centre, but Black's KB soon takes a weakish diagonal.			
5. P×P	B-B4	8. Kt-K4	Q-K2
6. KKt-B3	KKt-B3	9. P-QR3	Castles
7. P-K5	Kt-Q4	10. P-B4	
10. Q-Q3, threatening to win a piece by 11. P-B4, is too ambitious; Black can hit back by 10. . . . P-B4.			
10. . . . . Kt-K6	15. Kt-B3	P-B3	
11. Q-Q3	Kt×B	16. B-K3	B×B
12. R×Kt	P-QR4	17. Q×B	Kt-B4
13. P-KKt4	P-B4	18. R-Q1	
14. P×P	P×P		



C. H. O'D. Alexander wandered over from his own game at this stage and the curious configuration of White's king and rooks caught his eye. "Obviously," he remarked, "White has twice tried to castle but each time touched the rook first and a ruthless opponent has not allowed him to move his king." (When castling, you must touch the king first, or king and rook simultaneously.)

18. . . . . B-K3  
A move which might put White in serious trouble, were he compelled to the attacked pawn passively (look at 19. Q-K2; 19. . . . Q-KB2; 20. R-Q4, Kt-Kt6, for instance). The Coventry expert has an attacking defence ready, however.

19. R-Q6 P-QKt3  
For if 19. . . . B×P; 20. Q×Kt, B×R; 21. K×B White ends up rather the better, materially.

20. Kt-Q4 B×P 22. R-Kt1 QR-K1

21. Kt×QB Q-QB2

Threatening 23. . . . Q×R; 24. P×Q, R×Qch.

23. Q-Q4 K-R1 24. K-Q1

If 24. Q×B? then 24. . . . Q×R.

24. . . . . B-Kt6ch 25. K-B1 B-R5

Threatening 26. . . . Kt-Kt6ch and 27. . . . Kt×Q.

26. Q-Q5

26. Kt×B?? would, of course, NOT meet the threat. Now the contestants find themselves hitched to a chessic seesaw of their own construction and reconcile themselves to repetition of moves.

26. . . . . B-Kt6 28. Q-Q5 B-Kt6

27. Q-Q4 B-R5 29. Q-Q4 Drawn

## GAY PARIS; TWO POLITICAL PRISONERS; THE FIRST JESUIT.

HOW one wishes one could have been of an age to have seen something of the vanished Parisian world which is so charmingly and nostalgically brought to life for us by M. Jean Cocteau in "Paris Album" (Allen; 16s.). The period covered is the glittering and brilliant one from 1900 to 1914. With what affection he writes of the great figures of that time! As a boy he was taken to the dressing-room of Mistinguett, of whom he writes: "There are several types of patriotism. I try to thicken that skin which in everyone is sensitive to military marches, but why should I thicken that deep-lying skin which makes Mistinguett's voice unbearable to me when I am away and makes me listen to her as a Scot hears the bagpipes, a Spaniard the castanets and a Pole the piano? . . . She incarnates herself. She expresses what is best in my town. She appeals to the patriotism of which I am not ashamed." There are portraits upon portraits—so many that towards the end of the book M. Cocteau himself is moved to exclaim: "And now I am choking with everything I have not said!" Léon Daudet giving an imitation of Zola, which was less of an imitation than a resurrection of the dead man; the Empress Eugénie detesting flowers and hitting them with her stick and exercising her remarkable charm on the young poet; Sarah Bernhardt taking a call, "the claws of her left hand embedded in her right breast, her right hand and her straight left arm leaning on the edge of the proscenium. Like some Venetian palace she sank beneath the weight of necklaces and fatigue, painted, gilded, engineered, propped up and covered with flags, in the midst of a dove-cote of applause." But it is impossible to do full justice to this witty and evocative book by quotation at whatever length. Its delicious text is embellished throughout by the author's drawings, the inspired doodlings of a French Edwardian Thurber.

Where all is lightness of touch with M. Cocteau, M. Pierre Mendès-France has a sombre story to tell in "The Pursuit of Freedom" (Longmans; 18s.). This is the sad tale of the future French Prime Minister, then on leave from the French Air Force in Syria at the beginning of the fall of France. The book was originally written after his escape to this country in 1942, but M. Mendès-France has found nothing to alter in his macabre picture of the corruption of the Third Republic, and the shortcomings of the men of Vichy. The story of his imprisonment and trial by the latter is told without rancour, and the tale of his escape must rank high in the saga of such matters. An interesting book, and an eloquent reminder of how close we came to the extinction of freedom. As M. Mendès-France says: "The error so many people were tempted to make was to believe that the eternal values which were in danger of extinction and for which so much blood was spilt and so much suffering endured, could be rescued and preserved once and for all. They are and always will be threatened, if not from outside, then by our own weaknesses and failures."

How narrow is the dividing line between freedom and tyranny is the theme of "Face of a Victim," by Elizabeth Lermolo, translated from the Russian by I. D. W. Talmadge (Barker; 16s.). Mrs. Lermolo was arrested at the time of the assassination of Kirov, largely on the grounds that her husband had been a Czarist officer. Her story is an appalling one of suffering, torture and interrogation—on one occasion by Stalin himself—which should make us wonder whether a few friendly gestures such as the presentation of bear cubs has really caused a change of heart in a race so brutalised. This is a dreadful but compelling book.

A little while ago when reviewing a life of Father Southwell, the poet-priest who was martyred under the Cecil Protestant Inquisition, I received an anonymous letter of immense length and great abusiveness about the wickedness and wrong-headedness of "you R.C.'s"—which, in fact, I am not! It is, therefore, with some hesitation that I review "Saint Ignatius Loyola," by Fr. James Brodrick, S.J. (Burns and Oates; 30s.). This deals with the early and formative years of the founder of the Society of Jesus. Like St. Francis of Assisi, Ignatius Loyola was a wild young man in his youth, and he swaggered it as a young, lively, and lustful soldier in the days immediately following the Reconquest. It was a confused period, particularly

in his native Navarre, a period of wars and revolts and divided loyalties. Young Ignatius was always getting into trouble, for although he was officially already a cleric, there was a quarrel between the lay and the ecclesiastical courts over his "excesses and crimes." It is a far cry from all this to the pain-racked, threadbare, starving mystic of so few years later who was to found (whatever one's views on it) one of the most powerful and militant propagandist forces of the post-Reformation world. Fr. Brodrick has clearly soaked himself in the Spain of Ignatius Loyola's day, and in the early life of the founder of his Order. Perhaps for that reason (and for the non-Catholic reader) his book occasionally tends to heaviness. But then I have yet to find a writer who can convey the mind and feelings of a mystic adequately to the lay reader. Perhaps, in fact, it is of its nature an impossibility.

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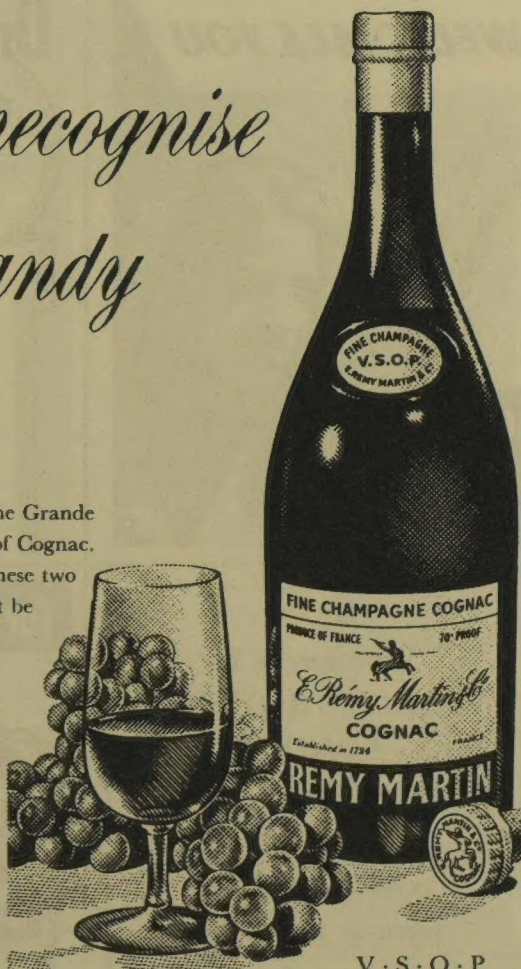
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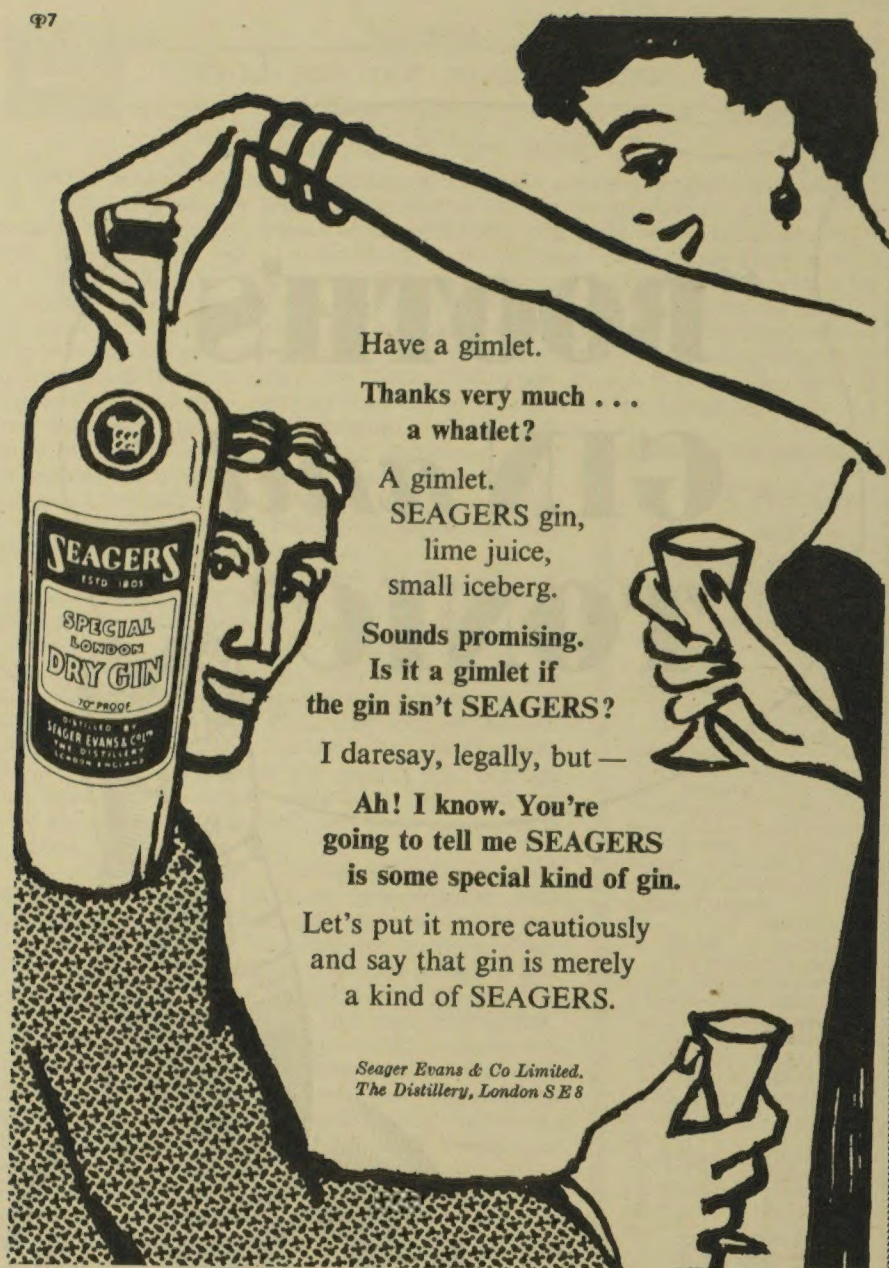
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## EUROPE in PERSchwepptive

Last comes our surprise report from SPAIN. Our corps of Schweppesialists, unpaid (but on an ex-schweppes account) have reported that in Spain there is no sign of any Perschwepptive whatever. To clarify their findings in a phrase — was is is, is is was. Dr. Rudelsbein, the American member of our team, an ethnoeducationist, researching on the Spanish tendency to be slightly late, was able to prove, by living for two months in a *choza* above Torremolinos, that he “found no progress among teen-age groups in the awareness of the core activities vital to life-adjustment problems, so that there were as yet few of the basic social processes one would hope would evolve from a more balanced behaviour relationship.”



But if Old is New and New is Old, there is some hope that western influences may before long be making their mark on Spanish peninsularity. If there are still areas untouched by chewing gum, and restaurants which make no attempt to serve warmed-up shepherd's pie and stewed bottled rhubarb, there are definite signs of soccer in Madrid, the ladies of the flounce and the castanet have been observed casting anonymous glances at the more or less two piece, and the fact that the biggest bull-ring in Barcelona has recently seen a performance of Cinderella on ice suggests a glorious future, even a more pleasing present. If in Spain the Perschwepptive is intangible, we can still say it is a land of prospwepts.

Written by Stephen Potter: designed by George Him

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